Random Thoughts

A Collection of Original Articles

BY

Caroline Dartnell

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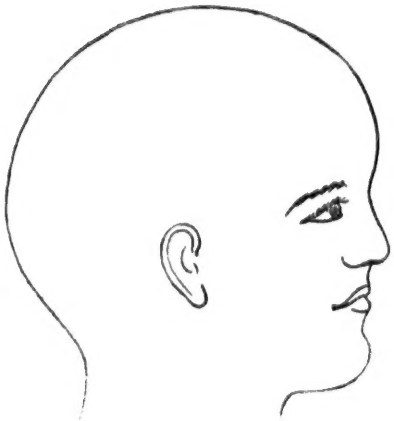
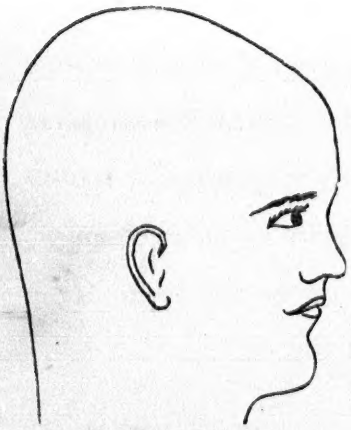
Dear Children,

Y IDEA of a good joke, capable of producing much laughter, is only when truth is made to appear ridiculous. There must be truth in a joke to please me. In reading over some of these essays, I have had many a good laugh, and why? Because some of the things I have written about seem odd, and I have done this in all seriousness, and without the least suspicion of how funny it would sound when read. If these letters, or random subjects (which are here written down in the order I thought of them), were printed in a book, it would afford much amusement, if only as a specimen of amateur writing. Still, I intend going on putting down my thoughts and impressions for your benefit. We all see things in a different light.

Your Mother.



No. 1—Perfect Head.



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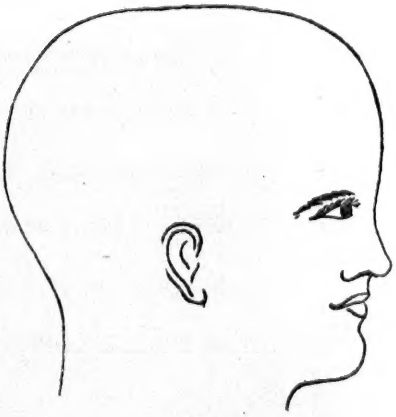

No. 3.

Shape of the Head.

I have great faith in the shape of the head as being a true index of ability and character. In the illustrations, you will see three heads.

The first, marked No. 1, is a perfect-shaped head. It is round, evenly developed, and well balanced—persons having this shaped head are delightful, clever, and successful men and women.

Head No. 2 is bad. That abrupt descent at the back, looking like a continuation of the neck—persons having this ominous straightness are often unprincipled, and possess a limited understanding. It is also a bad sign—the front part of the head flattened as you see in No. 2. This shows a mean and detracting spirit and lack of reverence. These are the men and women who are hard to improve, and they are most unpopular.

Head No. 3, simply flat on the top, is a sign of conceit and obstinacy. By the by, you will often see persons having shaped heads like Nos. 2 and 3 "toe in," as the phrase is, which is also another sign of narrow-mindedness and obstinacy.

Persons who have prominent or bulging eyes are invariably stupid people. A clever eye never suggests staring, but is rather closed-looking. The upper lid drooping a little at the outer corner is considered a good sign, indicating ability.

It will be easy for you to see many persons having heads shaped like those in the illustrations; and you can so easily find out whether my remarks are true or not.

Visitors, Friends, Whist.

I do not think it wise to have two visitors staying with you at the same time, even if they are to each other congenial spirits. Having once known persons, no matter of what grade in society, so long as they are morally good, always recognize them. It is a mean thing to slight inferiors simply because an opportunity occurs. Be charitable and pleasant to every one. If you feel in a bad humor, make an effort to be agreeable. I would take pains to know none intimately but honorable and true people. Do not know too many. Cultivate the society of the philosophical and scientific.

No matter how rich you may become, have a plainly-furnished house, and one of moderate size. But, children, have it comfortable, and let the servants' quarters be complete. Talking about servants, I think it very necessary for the well-being of every family, whether comparatively poor or rich, to have as much help as possible.

In the first place, I want a great deal of your time spent in reading the works of such men as Addison, Macaulay, Spencer, Tyndall, and others equally great. Take a deep interest in the truths that come from these and similar great minds. If I could only bequeath to you my profound admiration for these men and their literature, I should die happy. I could never write down in these pages why I so much prefer books that are true and instructive to a lot of silly novels. I dislike reading aloud or listening to it. If a subject interests me, I want to read it myself. We cannot all be clever, but we can know enough to reverence and appreciate the writings of great men. There is more genuine romance, more mental satisfaction, more delightful subjects for conversation in the results and topics of science than in all the novels the world contains. I am driven to the piano or out of the room when I hear the general novel discussed.

I find that I have wandered from my subject. I must say, once more, that unless you keep servants you have too little time left for the cultivation of the mind. If you wish to save money, do it in something else. Let the servants be the last to go, but the fine house first, if you have one. Too many people are wanting in wisdom in this respect; they are doing the most menial work day after day, and are neglecting themselves mentally. This is a pity, and is done by those who ought to know better, and who have plenty of means. The days are not long enough, neither are our lives, to permit this. We should do all we can to improve ourselves and children by personal attention given in many ways. Never be guilty of this misplaced economy.

How rarely, in any gathering, is the beautiful game of Whist played properly! The first thing I did when I found I was liking it so well was to get the best authorities on the game, and, when this was done, set myself to learn by heart the principal rules and leads, together with the most important points to be remembered in the game. Well do I recollect the look of superiority of persons sitting down to the game, saying: "Oh! I don't know anything about rules. What is the use of bothering about a game of cards, studying leads?" and so on. Now, every one should remember that truth and order, even in a game, are of great importance. Some persons, however, never care to excel in anything unless it brings them immediate remuneration either to person or to pocket.

Nothing will please me better than having you both play whist beautifully. Learn the leads by heart thoroughly. Always pay attention to the game. Endeavor to play with persons you like—I find that this makes losing so much easier to bear—and let whist be a frequent game with you, and you will spend many delightful evenings

Some worthy people, upon entering a room and seeing children of twelve and fourteen years of age assisting in a

rubber, would doubtless wonder if it was "just the thing." Much may be said for and against this. My opinion is that we should look beyond the present. Recollect, a virtue carried to excess becomes a vice. What is card-playing for? Is it good socially? I think it is. For what object do we invite friends to see us? For recreation, good will, and fellowship. Therefore, make the time pass as pleasantly as possible, and let me draw your attention to variety. This is a very essential ingredient to happiness. All conversation, no matter how well sustained, is wearisome when you get too much of it. Singing and playing by the hour together is also distressing. So would card-playing become if you were forced to play hour after hour. Unobtrusive variety is the secret of making the evening attractive. It is well known that the most inveterate card players, at universities and elsewhere, are invariably from homes where cards are forbidden. Young people usually do not care for cards. Of course, you would not urge them to play. But I do look upon whist as such a peculiarly interesting pastime that I believe most young people would delight in it if they were only taught properly. It strikes me as being such an orderly game, so extremely fair in every way, with a great deal of play about it to call for attention and skill. I rather dislike games that have conversations and hesitations, as, for example, cribbage, euchre.

I would teach children whist in youth, and let me advise you to do it well. Every act in life, whether card-playing or a daily duty, should be done as well as possible, to be of any value. Bungling is always out of place.

In those who fear the development of a taste for gambling, the instinct will not be suppressed by the decree, "No cards." People forget horse-racing, wheat speculations, and a host of other opportunities for the exercise of this unfortunate taste. I do not care for progressive euchre. There are given opportunities for revoking, as there is such

haste; many get angry at having bad partners; and, I am sorry to say, it is a species of gambling, yet I do not believe that this, or any of these games, could ever make a gambler. These, like other criminals, are to the manor born.

I am reminded to tell you something about manners at the whist table. Many will think that how people behave at the card table is a matter of little importance, so long as they do not upset it, drop cards, or laugh too much over their adversaries' failure. Now, nothing, in my opinion, shows a gentleman so much as the way he behaves at a rubber of whist. What an opportunity he has of showing tact, grace, skill, and good temper! If I were asked how I thought I could best judge of a man's character, I should certainly say at a rubber of whist, as in this game he unconsciously shows many important points of character. Never pick up the cards of the trick one by one in the middle of the table; simply draw them with your hand to the edge, take the little finger of the left hand to steady and arrange it, hold the trick firmly between the thumb on one side, and the second and third fingers on the other, and put them down with a very slight emphasis. Never throw the tricks, as it were, to their places. Do be tidy in your movements, and firm with your hands. I have seen men play as if they were slightly paralyzed. Do not lean over and fidget, and suggest, through this unrest, that you want to get on or under the table. I like a man to have a soldierly bearing when playing whist. I do not think men in clubs should play for money; but, if it is impossible to keep up the interest in the game without risking a little, why, do not overdo it. *Know* when you have gone far enough.

I have come to the conclusion that whist, pleasure-giving as it is in itself, loses much of its beauty when one is obliged to play with coarse-grained partners, those who bang down the cards, put their thumb in their mouth,

apparently to facilitate dealing, which nasty trick, in reality, so acts upon the finish of the cards that, after a deal or two from these thoughtless people, the cards become quite sticky. This bad habit, with that of playing a card before the last trick is taken from the table, is to be carefully avoided. I reiterate, that, at a rubber of whist, one can tell a great deal about the manners, disposition, and ability of most men and women.

You will frequently hear persons say: "I don't care much for whist, as you cannot talk while playing. It seems an unsociable sort of game."

I have repeatedly noticed that what many people call conversation and jollity, while playing cards, consists, usually, in remarks of this sort: "Oh, my! they have all the trumps! I wonder if they are stacking the cards?" and a lot of ill-timed, foolish remarks, from which whist, played properly, would certainly shield them. It is wonderful what distorted ideas people have about conversation and sociability. Noise, I fear, is often mistaken for enjoyment. I will give you part of an article contained in *The Popular Science Monthly* of February, 1883, page 543, on the beauty of whist as an illustration of brain power:

"A chess player, again, or a solver of chess problems, has always to deal with pieces of a constant value. Thus, the Knight, Bishop, Pawn, etc., are of constant values, so that his combinations are not so very varied. A whist player, however, has in each hand not only cards which vary in value according to what is trump, but during the play of the hand the cards themselves vary in value. Thus, a ten may, after one round of a suit, become the best card in that suit. Brain power, independently of stored knowledge, is therefore more called into action by a game of whist than it is by mathematics, chess, or classics. Consequently, while mathematicians and classical scholars may be found in multitudes, a really first-class whist player is a rarity; and

if we required an accurate test of relative brain power, we should be far more likely to obtain correct results by an examination in whist than we should by an examination in mathematics. In the latter, cramming might supply the place of intelligence; in the former, no amount of cramming could guard against one-tenth of the conditions. A first-rate mathematician may, on other subjects, be stupid; a first-class whist player is rarely, if ever, stupid on original matters requiring judgment."

You will do well to get "Pocket Rules for Leading at Whist," by Cavendish; "The Laws of Short Whist," by James Clay; with the treatise of Pole upon the subject. If you *study* and *learn* by heart the leads given so clearly in "Pocket Rules," attention and experience will do the rest. "Whist, or Bumble Puppy," is a clever series of ten short lectures, by Pembridge, is very witty, and should be among your whist books.

Music and Accomplishments.

Do not teach music to your children unless they have great taste. This talent will be early shown by the child's singing by ear correctly, and by his going to the piano constantly. I am not ambitious for a child of mine to play; it is a laborious accomplishment, and very much overdone. In my opinion, there are several great mistakes being continually made by all sorts and conditions of people. I refer to the mistaken zeal and ambition in wanting to acquire proficiency in any one accomplishment, either mental or physical, when it is too apparent that the effort will be hopeless. Surely, it is easy to agree with the following sensible remarks of Ruskin:

"I have only a word to say about one special cause of overwork. The ambitious desire of doing great and clever things, and the hope of accomplishing them by immense

efforts—hope as vain as it is pernicious; not only making men overwork themselves, but rendering all the work they do unwholesome to them—I say it is a vain hope, and let the reader be assured of this (it is a truth all-important to the best interests of humanity): No great intellectual thing was ever done by great effort; a great thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort."

Now, I think that in music and drawing there is much time wasted, although I believe that the latter is now considered a very important study, in order to enable the young to see correctly, as well as the best means of cultivating the powers of observation. I will admit this, and drawing is now taught on much better principles than formerly, but too much time and money is uselessly spent upon the ornamental side of it. Girls go to artists and music teachers without having the faintest taste, simply because parents and guardians think they have only to take a few lessons to insure success. With all due deference to opposite opinions, I should not advise wasting valuable time upon fruitless efforts. I should like to add to the lines of Mr. Ruskin's I have quoted: Drawing, painting, and music can only be done by persons having an aptitude for them, and they generally do it well and rapidly, with or without instruction. Witness the early career of our eminent artists and musicians. What rapid strides they make in their art before they think of looking for instruction!

If you have the means and opportunities, and wish your children accomplished or useful members of society, work away, and find out in what they will probably excel. They may be good linguists, especially if the memory is good; they may be good writers of stories, bringing into them much valuable elementary scientific knowledge to the young; or, if they like, they may visit the poor and make comfortable clothing for worthy little children, or engage a room and have the children meet once a week and teach them

how to knit, or else listen to bright little lectures about housekeeping; besides many other good acts of this sort that the times would suggest. Any occupation is preferable to wasting valuable time in the foolish effort to excel in something that nature never intended you should excel in.

Some enthusiast may say that no time is really wasted in persevering to do a thing well; that no labour earnestly bestowed is altogether lost. To which may be said, Look at music alone, and see whether no time has been wasted! Surely music and drawing, with a smattering of French, are not the only desirable attainments. I have often thought that, with the many books written upon cookery, I have never seen one thoroughly reliable throughout, with every recipe guaranteed. I will give you a few more lines of Ruskin's, because they are so true, and should be borne in mind with regard to our own everyday affairs of life:

"Then the third thing needed was, I said, that a man should be a good judge of his own work, and this chiefly that he may not be dependent upon popular opinion for the manner of doing it, but also that he may have the just encouragement of the sense of progress, and an honest consciousness of victory. How else can he become 'that awful independent on to-morrow, whose yesterdays look backward with a smile'? I am persuaded that the real nourishment and help of such a feeling as this is nearly unknown to half the workmen of the present day; for whatever appearance of self-complacency there may be in their outward bearing, it is visible enough, by their feverish jealousy of each other, how little confidence they have in the sterling value of their several doings. Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. I have stated these principles generally because there is no branch of labour to which they do not apply."

Praise.

Do not begrudge your companions a compliment if they deserve it. There is a great difference between the effects sham and genuine praise have on any one. Never be influenced by people's position. If a common man does a thing well, have it in your heart to tell him so. Little boys—how sensitive they are, and so often pushed aside and misunderstood! Depend upon it, more good is done to man by a little judicious praise when he is young than by all the Sunday and day school curriculum put together. What a common thing it is to see boys' likes, dislikes, and small ambitions frowned down, without being looked into! Some unfortunate boys can't have a nice companion at tea casually unless "it is the right day, or something prepared, or suits the household generally"; and this at an age when they so thoroughly appreciate kindness. I love young boys; and, take my advice, treat both boys and girls with as much care, consideration, and kindness, as if they were men and women. I contend that it is in youth you get lasting impressions of good and bad men and women. Keeping promises you make to children with absolute certainty, setting good examples by never fabricating or deceiving them in any way, inculcating habits of industry and deeds of kindness—these are some of the chief impressions children will remember, and probably act upon, if taught young. Non-fulfilment of these principles by parents has, to my mind, more of a degrading influence upon the rising generation than all the prudishness about cards, dress, amusements.

There is an article in *The Popular Science Monthly* of October, 1874, Editor's Table, called "New Experience in Education." I will not write the passage down here for you, taking it for granted that you will both have these valuable and mind-forming books upon your shelves to refer to.

Hospitality.

I have a word to say about hospitality. Let it be your resolve, if ever you keep house, never, on any account, to refrain from asking a friend or acquaintance to breakfast, dinner, or tea (if he happens to come in at these times), on the mistaken idea "that it is a cold dinner, that it is not well put on the table," and a host of other excuses. I know of nothing that it is oftener done, and more at variance with correct impulses, than this. It is simply a matter, to my mind, whether sentiment shall assert itself, or the food on the table. Ask them to stay. The impulse is correct.

Never have what are called large parties, no matter what the fashion is. Be original. As I said before, do not know intimately too many persons, even if you are a public character, a doctor or lawyer. Be the first to strike out and set the example for the better. It is not necessary for a doctor to have his patients on visiting terms, or a lawyer his clients. This is a very bad form of policy. One of the most delightful ambitions in life appears to me to have the desire, and with it the happy faculty, of bringing a few intellectual, good-hearted, and congenial friends into one's house often, and so guiding the evening hours that the time shall pass most pleasantly. In order to do this, no great energy or talent is necessary. If you have a quiet evening, say, of cards, have enough for two tables, eight or ten persons. In the winter, I should like them to come about eight o'clock. Have the room very bright, with a nice soft coal fire in the grate. Plenty of light, not only above, but side lights as well (never depend on a gasalier or hanging lamp alone, as all the light above and none below is dreadful). Settle down to my favourite game, whist, and do not play longer than two or three hours (have a perfect little supper, not too many dishes, nor a confectioner's getting up, but your own household cooking); and after supper, which might be about eleven o'clock, return to the music room and

have a little singing and dancing, or continue the rubber. I have always had my piano in the largest room, without a carpet, but with a waxed floor, just perfect for those who enjoy a dance; and, let me beg of you both, never be persuaded by officious fashion-mongers to depart from this most pleasant arrangement, for in dancing, as well as playing and singing, the piano sounds better in a room without a carpet. Do not be afraid people will think it mean. The happiness it gives to the young people, as well as yourself, should outweigh these considerations; besides, you remember how I wish you to prefer consistency and comfort rather than show. If you have already invited one, two, or more friends to spend the evening or to visit you, and something occurs that you are tempted to defer their coming to another day or time, let me beg of you not to put them off. Suffer anything, in reason, rather than postpone an invitation. This has a most peculiar effect, which I do not like. Consider well the pros and cons, and when once the note or message has gone forth have no change made.

Silly Speeches.

I have often heard people say, in talking of the "Mikado," or a good theatrical performance, "I like it very much; would not care to hear it again." You would be surprised to know how many people have said this to me. Now, I object to this speech very much. If they mean what they say, they are wrong; if they say it for effect, it is worse. One ought to enjoy a good thing like the "Mikado," or a good theatrical performance, whenever it is presented. It is true, if the "Mikado" came for one week and another fine troupe the next, I should be satisfied with seeing both operas once. But this new wail, "I don't care to hear it more than once," is disagreeably prevalent.

I should like to say, "The polka you played so badly last night, I'd rather not have heard at all" (because this is often true); yet these people listen night after night to the most dreadful music of their friends, play equally badly themselves, and have the audacity to say once is enough of a truly beautiful opera or play! You should never tire of a good performance; you may like a change, but that is a very different thing.

I love the theatre very much—the fairyland-like drop curtain; the orchestra playing some lovely overture or waltz; the hush and expectant feeling, together with the charming actors and actresses, give me a variety of happy sensations it would be impossible to describe. Never let any religion or cranky people influence you with respect to amusements. The theatre and ball-room are quite safe, and, if both are good, will never put evil into the minds of youth. I consider it very wrong for parents to deprive their children of enjoyments. I approve of a circus, and, in many cases—my own, for example—it is the only opportunity children have of seeing different animals.

Religion.

Upon religion I will say a few words. I want you both to attend the Church of England. This, I think the best of churches. Although many of the doctrines and sermons may not be without faults, still, they are the best we have now, and, in that sense, greatly to be loved and reverenced. No doubt, you both may, in the future, think as many of our more advanced philosophers do now; and there is every probability that the present forms and beliefs in religion will be improved upon, and also placed in a somewhat different light for us. This is needed; but, for all that, go to church regularly, for my sake. The interior of a

fine cathedral or church is the most beautiful and religion-inspiring place on the face of the earth, and gives me a most exalted feeling whensoever I am in one. The solemnity of a church, the beautiful stained glass windows, the ever-present-to-the-mind object for which it has stood for ages past, the terrible struggles and scenes it has, so often, occasioned—these recollections never fail to impress me with awe and reverence. I sincerely hope that all those who are working in the spirit of truth, and are, to-day, trying to lead us to a better and a more exalted conception of the Deity, will always recognize the importance of leaving this sacred edifice intact, as being a most fitting place wherein to worship and consider all things sublime and true.

I think it a pity that ministers, of any church, are not allowed (or, if allowed, would be restricted) in giving us, on Sundays, a few interesting remarks taken from nature's own book; I mean, to depart a little from the beaten track of the usual discourse, and bring to our minds and understanding some of the laws of nature, instead of the usual sermon, invariably making mortals appear as an accidental intrusion that the Almighty tolerates only partially, and upon certain conditions. How much better to bring their eloquence to bear upon the wonderful aspects this w derful world can be viewed in—the extraordinary beauty and unity of nature all around us! How much nearer to God might we not be drawn if we knew more about the power that is His—a power, apparently so silent, but, in reality, so terrible and energetic! And why could not scientific truths be so brought forward and identified with God, the Everlasting, who will take care of us all? "The eternal God is thy refuge; and underneath are the everlasting arms." At any rate, it is not for man to say what the Divine will is.

I fear I am getting beyond my depth; but I feel a great want that is not supplied in the poverty of our knowledge

concerning the majesty and glory of God as revealed to us, visibly, in the universe. Think, with me, that Sunday is always best to be a day of rest and religious worship; so do not desecrate that day by thoughts and pleasures of everyday kind. Keep it for serious thoughts about the mystery of this life, and show, throughout your own lives, that you are not unmindful of the privileges you now enjoy—privileges of enlightenment that have come to you through the great minds, the heroic lives and deeds, of those now long dead.

Conversation and Novels.

I should like you both to speak well. People's conversational powers and originality of expression vary, and the respective merits are matters of opinion. I would always listen attentively to every word that is said, answer carefully and with truth, and look at the person speaking. I would also cultivate an interested, animated expression of countenance. Some persons appear as if emotionally dead. To prevent, therefore, looking like this, the best way is to take a genuine interest in your neighbour's or friend's remarks. Even if you know them to be stupid people and speaking bad English, I would still pay attention to what they say, as by this means you will know experimentally what bad talking is.

Plenty of good conversations with well-applied words are to be found in good reading. What is wanted at the present time is an exposition of the bad forms of speech existing, with a few good hints, principles, and examples of how to improve.* I am a little tired of reading so much negative advice given in newspapers and books upon the subject of good talking; and I see no reason why some

*I am well pleased with the book, "Slips of Tongue and Pen," by J. H. Long, M.A., LL.B. It is a most useful little book.

writer does not come forward and give us some specimens that are to be heard at all times in society of the foolish kind of remarks made, and silly conversations prevailing, with a few illustrations as a foil to conversing sensibly and prettily on a given subject. I believe much good might be done by reciting occasionally, and by drawing attention to new ways of expressing oneself, and of looking at commonplace subjects in a different light.

There are several misapplied words in constant use that grate upon any one having an innate sense of fit expressions. The frequent use of "etiquette," "style," "grand," I would avoid. Etiquette is a French word, and more appropriate when applied to Court proceedings and very ceremonious affairs; entirely misapplied when used as a substitute for our own good English words. It is better to talk of behaviour at the dinner table than etiquette at the dinner table. You will generally create a sufficiently good impression by using plain English to express yourselves without displaying your knowledge of French words, Latin phrases, or any other foreign device. It is more difficult to converse well at a party than where there are one or two, because there is so much to distract the attention that no serious conversation can be well carried on. At such a time, one good rule, if observed, would be to put aside our pet subjects and prejudices, and be happy and interested in our friends' remarks; be pleased, and strive to please others. This effort, whether natural or artificial, all writers seem to agree upon as being one of the chief adjuncts of tact; and who has not heard of the "sweet good nature which men call tact" lauded to the skies?

There is not the least doubt that much arguing, too much earnestness, a wish to instruct and inform our friends, with a dictatorial form of speech, though often unconsciously done, is out of place in any society where persons are gathered together for enjoyment. The com-

bating of opinions, and all serious arguments, as well as moralizing, should be left for private edification, and among very intimate friends.

Another very common thing is to find oneself talking to one who does not reply, but suddenly makes a remark, or asks a question quite irrelevant to what one is saying, thus showing great inattention or bewilderment. This is a very bad habit, and happens more frequently with young people at balls, parties, and in the domestic circle.

If you have a love for science or scientific discussions, you ought not, if a woman, to be considered a "blue stocking" because you take an interest in these topics. If you are sincere in your taste, and are talking to one who knows something, you cannot make much of a mistake. It is a pity that conversation is, as a rule, so meaningless. Is it not infinitely more interesting to converse a little about art than to harp upon the intrigues and love scandals in the last novel?

And, talking of novels, it is easily seen by the feverish way they are read that not the slightest attention is paid to words not understood. It is the sensational events that give the interest. If a good novel were thoroughly and carefully read, all words, the meanings of which were doubtful to the reader, looked up, digressions understood, notice taken of the beautiful way many authors have of expressing a common fact, much good might come out of such a discipline. If novels and poetry were read carefully with this end in view, they would not only please and give one a good insight into the characters of men and women, but also prove a delightful exercise in good English. But no! as I see it; it is any sort of book, so long as it keeps up a morbid excitement, and can be hurried through. I feel so disgusted when I take a pleasure trip anywhere—whether it be on the wonderful Saguenay, or up to Muskoka, all the same, out comes the paper-covered trash! Instead of men and women

admiring the sublime beauties of nature, summer foliage, the clouds, and landscape, with its ever-varying light and shade, sketching or conversing about it, over go the pages of their books! And I pray you, children of mine, never be guilty of such perverted taste and mental obliquity. There is a time for everything, and I say it with consideration and earnestness, that the woman with her trashy novel and sickly-looking children, supposed to be seeing the beauties of nature, makes me quite ill. Moreover, reading, in my opinion, is out of place very often in travelling; using your eyes by observing is better. You will please me so much if you occasionally make a practice of writing down your impressions when travelling, both of the landscape and people, always aiming at absolute truth.

Mental Equality of Men and Women.

I quite approve of everything that has been said or written upon the subject, showing that men and women are not alike in brain power, and proper-minded women do not aspire to this equality. I love an affectionate woman—one who is a good mother. Oh, daughter, despise the woman who leaves her babes to the tender mercies of servants, and who prefers going out to remaining at home with them. Do not go to any balls or parties, I beseech you, while you have an infant. Let nothing induce you to leave your baby. No! I maintain that the first ten or twelve years of married life should be spent most strictly to the letter at home, so far as the mother is concerned. Entertain freely in your own house, if you like, but have the praiseworthy courage to tell your friends that while you have such very young children, and an infant, you prefer remaining at home during the evenings with them. Your time for visiting and going out will come again; and, surely, as you are supposed to have

had a good round of pleasure and party going before matrimony, you can now afford to stay at home for a few years (of an evening) when you have such precious responsibilities in your care. Show yourself by this decision to be a sensible mother (an example much needed in these days), having an independent spirit, above the "Grundy type." Never mind what your friends may say to you about "shutting yourself up." "Such a pity to give up going out!"

What a benefit to mankind a good mother is—one whose maternal instincts teach her to seek all the authorities upon physical education, all the hints and suggestions of loving mothers. I could work myself up to a perfect frenzy when I think of the demons in the shape of women who delegate nursing their own children to others, the chief, and often only, excuse being: "Spoils their dresses"; "Is so inconvenient"; "One can't go visiting." Let us forget there are such miserable women!

Truth in Small Matters.

Truth, as I understand the word, in reference to small matters, means fitness and consistency. A person born with the love and intuition of truth has it unconsciously governing all acts as a guiding principle, and such an one may be said to have, in a certain sense, a scientific turn of mind, or imagination, in consequence of its presence.

We should do everything as well as we can until we know a better way, when we should at once adopt it, even if it gives us more trouble; as Malebranche has said, "Always to seek infallibility, without having the pretension of reaching it." Even in dress, the beauty and power of truth is visible, consistency and fitness with regard to the individual being the foundations upon which to begin.

Although I do not want you to buy the best of every-

thing indiscriminately, still, get the best you can for things of utility and everyday use. Have articles which are in almost hourly use made of the best material and pattern. This applies, in a certain way, to the food of the family. Never stint the milk. Cream should also be taken regularly for the tea and coffee. Make these latter very nice and carefully; use none but the best. Take my advice upon this point. I disapprove of beer and wine for women; I have no objection to men, when full-grown, taking wine or beer in moderation. I am not so vehemently bitter against the use of wine as some women are, though well aware of the danger of excess. I feel very sorry for those who take too much, and think an intelligent man should have such a pleasure in life that he should dread instinctively ruining his health by excess. I dislike extremely teetotalers, who are invariably loud and boasting about their abstinence and everything else. Besides, they frequently are gluttons, which is worse; and, dear children, there are many other things besides drink which, if carried to excess, are as bad. I can only beg and pray of you to be moderate in all things.

Choice of a Business or Profession.

Parents should not think what they would like their children to be, but what the boy or girl is fitted by nature for. This is the true method; and let me draw your attention once more to the shape of the head, my infallible guide. I hereby make a list, first, of what I think the most suitable professions and businesses for those having round or correct-shaped heads:

Retail merchants, shipowners, sea captains, doctors, clergymen, teachers, metaphysical writers, judges, philosophers, statesmen, editors, bank managers, engineers, loco-

motive engineers, hotelkeepers, policemen, house servants and nurses (both male and female).

For the men or women to be truly successful in the above-named callings, the round or correct-shaped head is necessary. Professions and businesses for those men and women having flat heads, especially slanting over the forehead, and those having the objectionable straight line at the back of the head:

Actors, actresses, opera singers, authors, critics, lawyers, electricians, artists, architects, mineralogists, specialists of all sorts, novelists, photographers, theatrical managers, insurance agents, customs house officials, post-office men, county attorneys and treasurers, wholesale merchants, farmers, sewing women and dressmakers, tailors.

My reason for this classification is obvious, if you consider well what I have said about heads in the first pages of the book. The round-headed men, in the professions and businesses I have chosen as being the best suited for them, come more or less into daily contact with their fellow-beings; therefore, require many good qualities of mind and heart. The flat-headed men and those having the straight line at the back of the head, in the professions and trades I have selected for them, do not come so often, nor *in the same way*, into daily contact with their fellow-beings. It is, therefore, not quite so essential that the mind and heart should be so perfect and tolerant. I may say that I have no faith in the separate bumps of the head, but am positive in holding my ground as to the truth of my remarks concerning the general outline of the head, particularly a side view.

A Bad Habit Prevailing.

"I think it is the most beautiful and human thing in the world so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy, nor the other rise up into wantonness."—*Pliny.*

I see no fun in deceit of any sort. Do not, therefore, have flirtations with any girl unless you intend to propose to her. I would like men to make themselves more generally agreeable than they sometimes do at parties. Conspicuous attention to one girl I think rather bad form. Moreover, people meet—or should do so—to make more than one person feel agreeable; to pay a little attention to the hostess; to exchange a word or two with the men. How can a man do all this, and pay attention to his other friends, if he is sitting all the evening on the stairs or verandah with one girl? Selfishness and ignorance in the men is the cause of this evil, which has grown to be a regular nuisance.

If you are in love, or even engaged, there is not the slightest reason why you should not make yourself agreeable to every one present. I will give you a little advice about married life. I would advise neither of you to go to balls or parties for the first ten or twelve years. Entertain freely at home. Now is the time to have your relatives and friends to see you. Outside gossiping should be sparingly indulged in. Insist rigorously upon having a few friends, and well-chosen ones, on very intimate terms. Now, if you like, is the correct time for good reading and mind improvement. Always have my favourite books about to read and guide you in the paths of wisdom. Do not neglect subscribing for *The Popular Science Monthly.* Let your tastes run in the direction of education and contentment. You are never too old to learn.

Greeting.

On the subject of greeting, I want to impress you. I do not think that "gush," or artificial conduct, should be encouraged in any form; but I have one exception to make. When a member of the family or friend returns home after, say, a month's absence, and is met at her threshold with apparent coolness, the effect is simply dreadful. Not that the affection of the welcomers is really gone; far from it. But the returning one has been looking forward to seeing her children and other members of the family; and when she comes home, to find her arrival taken as coolly as if she had just come in from a walk, this is depressing. Say mechanically, if you feel bewildered, "I am so glad you have come back!" Don't stand round gazing and looking inanimate. See that you light up the house, children, when you expect any one at night. Always have a cup of tea or coffee ready. Never ask if they will have it; give it to them. The only time in my experience when I approve of verbally-expressed gladness, with even a touch of dramatic action, compliments, and "gush"—it is when any one comes home from a journey or visit weary, and glad to get back. Greet your parents and visitors, children, when they come to see you with loud hurrahs.

Tombstones.

I want to give you my opinion about the present custom for the burial of the dead. Was anything ever concocted by man more hideous and vulgar? Let us see, if true feeling guided us, how it might be. I lose a child. My first wish is to know where he lies buried. This makes a good iron railing round the little grave necessary. Now, the name must be there to distinguish it from other graves.

I would, therefore, have the name or family surname cast in raised letters on a scroll or plain tablet of the iron work, left for this purpose in part of the railing, say, the head. Do not have any white marble or brown stone obelisks or statues put in. I object very much to tombstones. Just think of the weight and ghostliness of it all! I do not see the necessity of the public at large knowing the names, ages, and birthplaces of the dead. Surely, the living will not forget their dead. I like memorial windows in churches, especially if no suggestions are made of saints or martyrs. I dislike memorial tablets on the walls.

I was driven to the so-called(?) beautiful cemetery in Toronto a few months ago, and was asked to admire it. I felt very unhappy looking at it. There were no railings, no enclosures, to mark off the different graves; but there were pillars and stones of every shape and size. My friend with whom I went told me that railings or enclosures would prevent the grass being mown with lawn mowers! It looked to me—this cemetery—as if several acres of land had been set apart to see who could put in the biggest monument. I had almost forgotten to mention that in the Kingston Cemetery the name of the tombstone makers is cut in nearly every tombstone in large letters, and in a most conspicuous place. I shall not forget the peculiar feeling that came over me when I saw this. I was obliged to say to my friend: "Is it possible that no one has objected to the painfully conspicuous way in which the makers advertise themselves on these tombstones?" This is one of many instances, children, of how little sentiment and individual taste people exercise over things. But it is time, I think, some one should suggest an improvement upon the present appearance and spirit of our cemeteries, which look to me more like marble-cutters' showgrounds than quiet, peaceful, unobtrusive resting-places for the dead.

Dress.

While I think of it, I must say a few words about men's dress. Never let any tailor persuade you to buy gay cloth for suits—for example, checks and large stripes—even should he tell you that Lord so-and-so, or any other swell, has just ordered a suit from it. Neither would I be persuaded to wear velveteen. Leave this fabric severely alone; it is unhealthy in its texture, and proof against proper ventilation. Avoid, as a rule, brilliant colours in neckties. Have your clothes made by a very good tailor, and always have the sleeves of your coats lined with silk or satin; this I regard as a necessity. No matter what the style is, I would not have trousers made loose or baggy; especially have them made and wear them long. If I were asked what I considered the ugliest sight in a man's clothing, I should say short trousers. Of course, this impression is aggravated by his having bad feet. Be very particular about boots. I see no necessity for men's boots being so thick in the soles unless their occupation takes them to wet places. A man may be well dressed without wearing a gold chain. If one is worn, I prefer the light-coloured gold, as it does not look so conspicuous. I do not like to see men with diamond rings; diamonds, in any case, I think, look more becoming and consistent upon young women. It would be well to try to get clothes to suit the individual character. Many men and women, going along a fashionable thoroughfare, actually appear as if paid to advertise particular silks, mantles, or jackets, the garments worn being so utterly inconsistent with the age and general appearance of the individual.

I often wonder why men, and especially young men, are not more original in their dress, and also whether it ever occurs to any of them, when seeing themselves in a looking-glass, how very queer they look in some of the new fashions. How trying the high, stiff, stand-up white collar,

looking, when very deep, like a bandage! I am aware that the difference in the shape of the neck makes several kinds of collars necessary, but, unless you have good reasons to the contrary, prefer the moderately high or old-fashioned turned-down collar. These are prettier, and more becoming, I think, to most men. Strive for the uttermost carelessness and ease, compatible with neatness.

I must mention another very ugly fashion now prevailing: the absurd way some men have of shaving their whiskers into fantastic outlines, looking as if a kind of stamp had been used. I much prefer clean-shaven faces, and cannot bear a beard; a mustache may be an improvement if the mouth is not well shaped; so, also, might a beard improve the face where the chin recedes or is weak. In support of my preference for smooth-shaven faces, I will give you a Parisian's account of Genius and Beards:

"Touching upon the question whether members of the French Bar should be permitted to grow their beards, a writer, in a Parisian contemporary, gives some particulars showing how many men, eminent in various ways, have been devotees of the razor. He begins by challenging proof that, apart from a very few exceptions, a great orator ever wore beard or mustache. Among eminent French speakers and statesmen, Mirabeau, Danton, Verginand, Berryer, Foy, Manuel, Chateaubriand, De Broglie, Molé, Odillon, Barrot, Casimir, Pirier, Guizot, Thiers, and Montalembert, all shaved. The mustache is thought to be a distinctive military adornment, yet it was not worn by Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Trajan, or Napoleon. The great marshals of the French monarchy disdained it, and not one of the generals of the First Empire permitted it to sprout upon his lips. Revolutionists are popularly supposed to be marked by unkempt beards; but Robespierre, Marat, Saint Just, and Hébert, were as carefully shaven as the Grand Monarque himself. Of French writers and poets, Moliére and

Carneilli wore the Richelieu mustache; but Racine, Pascal, La Fontaine, Boileau, Le Bruyère, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquien, and all the thinkers and savants of the eighteenth century, indulged in a clean shave. So did Dante and Petrarch, Byron and Shelley, Pope and Addison, Sheridan and Goldsmith, Swift and Johnson, Fielding and Richardson, Pitt, Burke, and Fox. Among eminent Frenchmen of very recent times, Lamartine, De Vigny, Victor Hugo (till his exile), Michelet, Emile de Girardin, Carrel, Bandelaire, Louis Blanc, and Sardou made, or still make, an uncompromising use of the razor, in this respect following the example of Hayden, Gluct, Mozart, Piccinni, Limarosa, Mehul, Weber, Lihernhini, Hérold, Beethoven, Belinni, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Auber. There is something to be said on the other side, no doubt; but it would seem as though space should be found in the escutcheon of Genius for a razor and a barber's pole."

It has just occurred to me that many of the eminent scientific men whose photographs we see reproduced on the first page of *The Popular Science Monthly* have also clean-shaven faces.

Women should remember that bright patches of colour, tight-fitting jackets, chains and lockets worn on the outside of the jacket, conspicuous earrings, with high bonnets, gaily trimmed with feathers and placed upon the back of the head—all these things draw attention to the faded and wrinkled face. I do not mean to speak unfeelingly of fading youth; but why does not the mind, at a certain age, suggest subdued tints and the putting aside of superfluous adornment? I dislike black very much for women, whether old or young. There are only two classes, in my opinion, who may be permitted to wear it without making one shudder: these are the young and fresh-looking, and the auburn-haired type; and then the dress should be trimmed with black lace, jet, or bugles. The popular fallacy that black is "so

becoming to every one, so suitable for all occasions," should be upset. What is the matter with the deep dark-blues, browns, grays, greens? I like well-made dresses, but be sure to wear simple clothing, both out of doors and for church. It is as false in taste to attract attention by wearing costly and conspicuous garments in public places as it is to attract attention by loud talking, mannerisms, and gestures. Depend upon it, for many reasons, the quieter and less pretension manifested in our dress and equipage in public the better.

Flowers.

I dearly love flowers, and know you both do the same; but, notwithstanding this, never trouble to have house plants. To see the usual little steps and appliances for keeping them in the window is a great eyesore to me; besides, you ought not to give up the light and windows for a lot of house plants. They seldom look healthy. The leaves are continually turning to the light looking most unnatural, and the greatest of all evils is that they prevent the windows from being opened in the winter as often as they should be. I consider this mistaken zeal and ambition. In an upper hall, perhaps, it might not be so objectionable, and then I would have only a few hyacinths and Chinese primroses—plants that appear to be among the very few that are especially adapted for the house; and how lovely these are! the primrose, with its exotic, and, at the same time, comfortable-looking leaves!

If you are fond of flowers, make a small conservatory or greenhouse—the very first luxury to be indulged in; and let me tell you I would infinitely rather spend money on this, and give part of my time and attention to the beauty and arrangement of the flowers, than many other things. How

much more interesting to find the young children often in the conservatory, looking at, and watching the growth of their favorite flowers, and perhaps helping to take care of them, than it is to find the young, as one does so often, with their heads bowed down to embroidering and beading material for the conventional drawing room! Flowers appeal so to our better nature. Is it not truly edifying to study them a little, even in an elementary way? I dislike hearing flowers spoken of by their botanical names when looking at them. I cannot tell why, unless it seems a display of terms we can do without. I would rather look quietly on, letting them appeal to my imagination.

I am reminded to tell you not to overdo any kind of decoration, nor have wrong ideas about this. "True beauty results from that repose which the mind feels when the eye, the intelligence, and the affections are satisfied from the absence of any want." Two or three bouquets of flowers are enough for one room. I do not like to see many small vases filled with a few flowers dotted here and there. The effect is rather distracting. A bunch of flowers loosely put in a vase is prettier. And how perfectly dreadful to see an oleander growing in a butter tub, an old pail, or a broken teapot! I have also seen crocks and tin pans used for growing plants in. Never, in your most enthusiastic hours of gardening, be guilty of this bad taste. Huge bouquets worn upon the bodice of a dress are, I think, too large. Of course you can misuse anything, but recollect that true taste lies also in discretion. I am sorry to say that even beautiful flowers are being perverted and vulgarized by the at-present-competition method of entertaining, the latest craze being ordering costly flowers from countries miles away, giving each guest a bouquet of roses upon leaving the dressing room, as well as trimming, in a millinery spirit, as it were, mantel pieces, halls, porticos, etc. Now, I object most conscientiously to all

this, which appears to me to be an illustration of the superfluous, and, therefore, out of place. Suppose, as is highly probable, the young have brought flowers of their own, or, with some, a handkerchief and fan is thought enough to hold. True, you can leave them. But I should be sorry to order flowers from a distance upon this chance. So far as the beautifying of the room and table is concerned, is not that best of proverbs, "Enough is as good as a feast," as safe to bear in mind here as elsewhere? The using of costly flowers recklessly is to be avoided, as it all comes under the head of display, and is to me, with all due deference to opposite opinions, anything but a helpful means bearing upon the actual enjoyment of the guests, however well intentioned the originators.

Games.

I prefer cricket to all other games for men. Let me beg of you never to encourage or have anything to do with lacrosse, baseball, or football. I dislike these games very much, for there are more opportunities given in them for a bad-tempered man to give another a mortal blow or rough usage than in any other sport that can be known or mentioned. Mind, I do not say that accidents never occur in cricket, but the games I dislike so are singularly rife in unnecessary rough handling; and, if any personal spite exists among the players, a fine opportunity is here given to "get even." No man with refined instincts would bother about lacrosse, baseball, or football; and seeing that you cannot become proficient or interested in all games, stick to the more orderly and less Indian-like ones.

Rowing, boxing, fencing, I like well enough. As for sailing in yachts or skiffs, I do not see upon what authority amateurs go out on our large lakes. Why should men

unaccustomed to it undertake a cruise in a yacht any more than they should try to manage a locomotive or a steam engine? In fact, the latter are far easier to manage, as every part always acts in the same way under certain conditions, and is always under control; whereas, on our treacherous and stormy lakes, it needs men with an every-day sailor-like experience for several years and a well-built vessel to get to the different ports with anything like safety. The yearly loss of ever so many yachts—both large and small—with the accompanying loss of life, is too well known to make these remarks void. Do not mind being called cowardly because you refuse to embark on their doubtful cruise. You will have many temptations held out to you; don't give in!

The same fallacy is apparent with women venturing in skiffs and canoes, getting, for fun, into the swell of a passing steamer, seeing how near they can go to it without being run down, and many other aquatic games, practised for fun. All this is a distorted idea of fun; and so is chaffing people about their love affairs too much; cheating at cards; telling a girl she is looking so well, and saying behind her back to another she really did not think so—it was only for fun she said it; making oneself conspicuous in public places or at concerts by giggling, loud talking, indifference to what is going on. These are a few of the many distorted ideas of fun. These acts, instead of impressing an onlooker as buoyancy of spirit, more likely suggest that these public places are the only ones where these people have a chance of being either seen or heard. Leave off giggling. Persons are delightful who make original and humorous remarks, criticize truthfully, and see things from their own point of view. This is usually a good reason for merriment and laughter, but is not at all allied to giggling.

Accomplishments for Men.

Although I do not like men playing the piano, I think the organ a lovely accomplishment; if, therefore, I had a musical son, I should ask him to play the organ only. I know that this instrument is also well played by women, but I do not like to see them play. Painting is very delightful where there is a talent; but if I could influence a young man in the recreation after my own heart, I should ask him to read carefully and with attention, an hour or so every day, according to his leisure, *The Popular Science Monthly*, together with the works of eminent thinkers of all nations. Do not buy cheap editions; I like to see the writings of great men in well-bound and durable covers. I have now an opportunity to express my profound admiration and delight in the reading of several subjects, at different times, in *The Popular Science Monthly*. Take, for example, the important truths in the articles called "Modern Science in Its Relation to Literature," by William Brackett (in the June number for 1879); "Spiritualism as a Scientific Question," by Professor Wimdt; and, in the same number as this, "The Classical Controversy (The Present Aspect)," by Professor Alexander Bain, and so forth. Take the witty remarks, the just comments and reviews, the reading in general of the "Editor's Table," in the same book—the healthy mental excitement caused by the force and truth of these articles makes one feel deeply the power of good reading. There are many other instructive things, and, what pleases me, so easily understood. "Sham Admiration in Literature," by James Payn, is very clever.

I should like to say a few words upon the reading of books of every sort—indeed, all kinds of reading. This, no doubt, has been well said before. But it cannot be too often impressed upon those taking up a book that not only is it necessary to read carefully and slowly, hunting up all words not thoroughly understood, but act upon the truths made

obvious therein. Act upon, and believe that they are there, not for ornament, but for improvement; and set about it at once. What is the use of reading for the sake of going over the mere words only? It is an awful waste of time, this. Pray, let me impress this truth deep in your hearts and memories. I do hope, children, you will pay great attention to this, for my sake. Remember, it will be among my last advice to you. Just picture to yourself any one gabbling over and through the pages, reading at random, a book that has cost the author perhaps some of the best years of his life! Pride yourselves upon being slow and studious readers. I can see that, with many persons, the remark, "I am a very quick reader; have read so-and-so," giving you a long list of books, is thought clever, as having superior intelligence. It would be a good thing, if you have read properly one of the books they mention, to ask them a little about it. You will, in all probability, see how little interest they really take in reading of any sort.

I feel sorry at the contemptuous way many omniverous readers have of disposing of reading or poetry one may happen to mention, as not being sufficiently "deep" to suit their fastidious taste. I say, for instance, how I delight in the poem, "The Voice of Spring," by Mrs. Hemans, or "Bingen on the Rhine," to which no reply is made. But, a moment after, some other author is mentioned by them as being the composer of a "most charming," in "every way superior," effusion upon the same subject, with a running commentary of "How much deeper, better expressed, more beautiful," is the one of their own mentioning. It is true that "The Voice of Spring," and "Bingen on the Rhine," for aught I know to the contrary, may be thought simple and commonplace poems by highly-endowed minds; but are they not good enough to please and admire? It does not take much penetration or learning to see that there is a painful amount of sham admiration, as well as a my-

taste-is-better-than-yours spirit, existing about literature in general, particularly with persons who pride themselves upon knowing all the best authors, and who, I have discovered, read because they think it is the correct thing, without having any particular love for reading or anything else. If a clever young writer of philosophy, poetry, or fiction were to ask me who I thought would be the most likely to give the fairest and most correct judgment upon the merits of his work, I should certainly say to him: Avoid the great army of self-opinioned great readers, and submit your productions to an intelligent, practical few, whose minds and imaginations are not completely addled by undigested reading of all sorts.

If you are impressed with the truth of an opinion, or think an article you have read clever, and a thing to be remembered, make a note of it, even if you have a good memory. Have a blank book in which to write down anything you appreciate and feel true. If it is a suggestion from Dr. Felix Oswald's "Physical Education," for instance, write down the part that strikes you as particularly true, and act upon it. If he proves to your brain power that sleeping in an ill-ventilated room is bad, that no amount of wind is as injurious as sleeping with closed windows, the very first night upon reading this throw open your windows, and give the suggestion a fair trial. I did so, and have been immensely benefited ever since. Have your mental digestion in such a shape that you can readily assimilate great truths you hear or read, and, pray, begin at once. The simple fact that the thing you have heard or read about stands to reason should be motive power enough. Don't wait till people take you by the shoulder, talk at you for hours, cite instances, and so on.

Drawing Rooms.

"Of all the vices which pollute the source and thwart the progress of fine art, the striving after novelty is amongst the worst."—*Gambier Parry.*

I do not know that it is an unalloyed love of the beautiful that actuates people to add so much, and such a variety of, bric-a-brac to their houses. Surely this can be overdone. I know of nothing so doubtful in taste as to have a drawing-room suggest to one's mind a showroom in a Berlin wool-work depository, or a sort of salesroom for Dresden china, and other bric-a-brac.

Would it not be well to consider whether there are not other evidences of feeling to be displayed besides old china, fine curtains, and satin chairs? There is, in winter, a sad absence of light and cheerfulness in most drawing-rooms. The fear of fading curtains, of soiling a carpet through having a fire in the grate, the fear of letting the children in on the probability of seeing something knocked over—these are some of the anxieties which proceed from doubtful causes. If you have a rare specimen of anything, and are afraid of its being broken or lost, put it away. Do not have unsteady little tables with breakable china on them, wall brackets (looking mysterious as to support), mats, cheap china ornaments, shells on the floor, and too many "antimacassars" (never have one of these upon a music stool; this I see often). Imitate rather the simplicity of the Japanese in their houses.

One reason, I think, why a comfortable and well-appointed kitchen is so much and unconsciously liked by both old and young people is the warmth, comfort, and the thoroughly useful and want-supplying impression it makes upon them. How picturesque the Dutch kitchen with its turf-burning wide fireplace, bright coppers, high mantel-piece, and contented, tidy inmates! No wonder artists love to stroll through Holland!

It often strikes me that possession is the undercurrent of most people's artistic feeling, not love of the beautiful. My judgment is suspended upon the necessity of having a drawing-room at all, unless the house is large. A small reception-room, well furnished, would answer all purposes for callers, and not take away (as so often happens) what ought to be the largest and most comfortable living room. Sometimes, among those whose families are large, and house room precious, it is often at a sacrifice of both health and comfort that the best room is set apart.

I may here fitly advise you to carpet all over (I dislike large mats with uncarpeted borders) the library, dining-room, breakfast room, halls and stairs, leaving the music room uncarpeted, for reasons I have elsewhere suggested. I know very well were I to say not to make or assist in making any kind of crazywork, catch-alls, mats, piano covers, etc., most persons would object to this advice; nevertheless, this fancywork, which is delightful in moderation, and, when thoroughly useful, is becoming a sort of feverish mania, and altogether overdone (instead of its being something to "bridge over times of doubt and despondency"), is made an all-absorbing pastime, and affects the character unwittingly, one of the tendencies being to attach too much importance to trifles in the way of long conversations about the best way to make hair-receivers, asking and worrying about patterns, energetic controversies about mounting various brackets that should never have been made, working hard to finish a fancy rag-bag by a certain hour or day, scarcely raising the eyes if spoken to while all this is going on. Pray, avoid these ill-judged fashions. You know how I dislike mats about. It is a mistaken idea of prettiness to have objects like little dogs, vases, and smelling bottles placed upon woolly mats. It is true a pretty piece of colouring is sometimes seen in one of these mats, but, when you take into

consideration the many discomforts, I would rather have a handsome cloth over the table or chest of drawers than a procession of mats. How unsteady everything stands upon a crochet woollen mat! The least knock, over they go! It is blind, unthinking imitation that is making all these silly would-be decorations perennial.

"I quite enter into Miss Jekyll's view of negative beauty," George Eliot says. Life tends to accumulate "messes" about one, and it is hard to rid oneself of them because of the associations attached. I get impatient, sometimes, and long, as Andrew Fairservice would say, to "kaim off the fleas," as one does in a cathedral spoiled by monuments out of keeping with the walls.

If young women would only devote a little more of their spare time to the daily improvement of their conversational powers, rightly to interpret conduct and motives, together with the real art and desirableness of making themselves agreeable and useful to every one, and more inward striving after culture and refinement, which is sure to follow in the footsteps of truth, we would have more real happiness and comfort than we now have. Not that I want barren rooms and a cheerless home, devoid of brightness and taste; it is not true taste or sentiment that I find fault with; I want interest and sympathy given in things that really do require a little individual taste and judgment. What is the use of sitting on fancywork chairs all the evening, or in a room having the most exquisite bric-a-brac, if your host or hostess, possessing all this, has not the tact or knowledge to make the time pass agreeably? Better to be at home if the furniture and bric-a-brac is the better part of your friend's house.

Let me tell you once more the art of making your drawing-room indescribably comfortable as well as artistic (for, if a room is comfortable, the chances are that it will be artistic); making yourselves (most important of all points)

good hostesses, by cultivating tact and common sense daily. To give as an instance : If you have a rubber of whist, see that proper counters are provided, that the light is good, that congenial people are invited. I should also take pains to prevent, as far as I could, any one from playing the piano during whist, and should try to improve upon the prevailing custom of having supper at twelve and one o'clock on small occasions, and allowing the guests to leave directly afterwards. There is no good reason, that I can see, for having refreshments so late. If you or your friends dine late, have less for supper. The mistaken idea that, if you give supper at eleven o'clock, it will break up the party is unfounded. After people have been seated for three or four hours amusing themselves, in perhaps rather a close atmosphere, it is a very pleasant break in the evening to give a cup of coffee, or whatever else you like, about eleven o'clock.

You will scarcely believe how extremely uncomfortable I have been made, when spending an evening out, to find, as I so often do, miserable light; no open fire, though cold weather, and a grate in the room, but a furnace sending up blasts of hot air, instead of the exhilarating open fire ; a piano in the room, out of tune, keys dirty ; a highly embroidered cover, but an extremely uncomfortable piano stool ; ornaments often put on top of an upright piano, swaying to and fro every time a chord is struck ; no counters for whist, and playing upon a small varnished table, that the cards, in dealing, were continually sliding off ; and, what is so irritating, these small sins of omission and thoughtlessness occurring among families who have means, and who, most unquestionably, should know better. Defects like these, with the bad impression they make, proceed from this fact, that not enough attention is paid to small matters of this kind ; the good-hearted and well-directed desire of making one's visitors and friends comfort-

able to a degree in numerous small ways, such as the foregoing remarks serve to show—these considerations should occupy the time and attention of young women more than they do, and would have a more lasting and beneficial effect upon our visitors and friends than all the beading and braiding in Christendom.

Revisiting One's Native Land.

Of all fine instincts and pleasures to look forward to, there is no feeling so natural and praiseworthy as the keen desire to revisit one's native town or land after an absence or residence in other countries of many years. No matter under what circumstances one has left, whether poor at the time or not, the days of our youth are inexpressibly vivid, as well as ineffaceable. It matters not about early friends being dead, places changed (excuses given by some for not revisiting their native land), I look upon it as a sentiment, and one of the very best, that makes one yearn to go, before it is too late, to the scenes of his early youth. Many whose fortunes enable them to do this, unfortunately, have not enough sentiment. To me, it is almost a tragedy that many of us are debarred this thrilling satisfaction. What a variety of thoughts and feelings must come over one able to do this, who has anything of a reflective mind and affectionate temperament! Let no one influence you against this delightful feeling.

Critical People.

I see by Webster's dictionary that critic means "a person skilled in judging of the merits of literary works.' Why not put it thus: "A person who thinks he is skilled in judging of the merits of literary work" (often more true)?

Are all the carping criticisms, false accusations, ideas purposely misunderstood—in some cases, actual lies told—are these skilful proceedings? I often wonder that the more virulent type of criticizers are not waylaid. I have come to the conclusion that a critical person is, too often, a disagreeable person. There is no reason, I can see, why a criticizer should be a detractor as well. There is nothing under the sun that cannot be ridiculed or burlesqued. See what an author says on detraction :

"The opposite of this generous spirit, which delights in the excellence of others, is the detracting spirit, which finds little or nothing to admire in others; nothing, indeed, to which it gives the full meed of hearty praise. This spirit does not so much deny the excellence you present to its acknowledgment as seek to diminish or disparage it. It deals not, perhaps, in calumnious falsehoods, but in perpetual abatements and curtailments. It inclines to depreciate what it cannot condemn. It judges by defects rather than by excellencies, and has a sharper eye for faults than for merits. If you speak of the brightness of the sun, the detractor never omitteth to tell you of its spots. If you show him a diamond, he alloweth it may be one; he will not say it is not, but possibly it may be nothing but paste; at all events, there is a flaw in it. He spieth out cracks and blemishes in all things that seem whole and fair, and hath ever a microscope at hand to show them to you if you will but look through it. His vocation is to detect imperfections in things great, and, as everything brightest and fairest in the world of human nature and human action is flecked with some spot or flaw, so nothing can abide his sharp scrutiny. Now, there is nothing in the world that is fitted to affect a just and candid mind with greater aversion than such a detracting spirit."

Matters of taste are splendid topics to have a good dispute over, and are never-failing subjects for the critics.

How strange that there is so seldom any mutual admiration or friendly acquiescence among artists and critics! As a matter of fact, we see the reverse of this: meanness, begrudging each other the slightest praise, and a great deal of doubtful jealousy. Their differences of opinion look very like (what an eminent man said about petty religious disputes) "the accidental conduit through which they pour their tempers, lofty or low, courteous or vulgar, as the case may be." There are a few melancholy facts, besides detraction, concerning which one feels as if there was no hope for one's ideal being fulfilled, or any such thing as permanent good taking place in human nature. I refer to the demon Ingratitude. When this sin is shown to come from persons whose intelligence, writings, and philosophy place them high above their fellow-men, this is truly melancholy. The only explanation that I can give is the other fact, that men and women can often write novels and books on different subjects without having the best qualities of mind and heart. It is wonderful what a lot of writing and book-making can be attained by practice and education. It cannot be so hard to write pretty well, I should think, when so many of those who essay to write are sent away by hundreds, besides leaving more than enough who are able, and, unconsciously, these copy from others; and when novels, except the carefully-written ones, are very commonplace reading, so that if writers and eminent men occasionally show ingratitude it is not so much to be wondered at. But do not tell me, I pray, that ingratitude is ever found with real heroes of any sort! Heroic spirits and ungrateful hearts can surely never walk hand in hand. I feel this a consolation. Gratitude, like truth, should be with us all the time, and I am thankful to say that it is with many. I have been led to these remarks through reading in the encyclopedia Auguste Comtés ungracious behaviour to Mr. John Stuart Mill and other helpers in the time of need.

Ceremony.

This is a thing not to be lightly spoken of. It is scarcely ever a fault; and if you get too much of it, it is better than none. In religion I approve of it. I like the ceremony in the Roman Catholic and our High churches. I think, no matter what religion we have, it should always be conducted publicly at all events, with as much beauty and ceremony as can be afforded. Surely anything of so much importance to ourselves, and so full of the sublime, as religion ought to have some of our best attention. The wearing of a surplice or gown in the pulpit appears to me to be in agreeable conformity with the dignity and beauty belonging to all truly religious teaching. Churches, particularly, I like to see well taken care of. Fine organ, beautiful music, noiseless aisles, carved wood work, many beautiful stained-glass windows, giving a soft and mellow light, and, if one can with this just get a glimpse of the blue sky through an open window while the service is going on, this is lovely, and gives me unspeakable pleasure. I do not care to see paintings of saints or martyrs in a church; but would rather have these, with the most ceremonious proceedings, than bare walls, ugly windows, and a church suggesting poverty of means and an apathetic religious spirit. I like a quiet, earnest preacher. Much movement or gesture is doubtful; the very facts crowding upon us day after day of how little we can really know about the ways and attributes of the Deity should incline ministers to be humble-minded and reverential in their discourse, not dictatorial and positive.

Next to ceremony, I might say a word about reverence. Well may Goethe say: "There is one thing no one brings with him into the world, and it is a thing on which everything else depends—that thing by means of which every man that is born into the world becomes truly manly, namely, reverence." Reverence, to my mind, is as great a necessity

for the permanent maintenance of order and improvement as honesty, or keeping one's word. If elderly people—parents, and guardians, those who are educated and trying to improve others—have no reverence for great truths, wise counsel, and good men of all grades, how are the young to acquire it? We speak, and even think, of our mental superiors and friends very much as our parents and teachers do. If they think it is nothing to be clever, to write great works of truth and wisdom, it is most likely the children will grow up deficient in this important particular. If, on the other hand, we do appreciate good men and good books, we must, through properly understanding their merits, have a certain degree of reverence, and, I hope, influence—our children following suit. What a melancholy reflection it is, having men of genius, philosophers, statesmen, and good leaders of mankind living in our very midst, and scarcely knowing it; or, if we do, failing to appreciate and give them credit for all their trouble, hard work, and fine intellect! Do not wait until men are dead to show them attention; as, for instance, to raise funds for monuments, to unveil statues. When they are living, and are, unfortunately, in straitened circumstances betimes, is the hour to show them attention; and this not for flattery, but as a means of gratitude. Give to others their just dues.

Why do not people help and take more personal interest in the great living helpers of mankind? Oh, if I could only write to some of these, and say: Pray receive, I beg of you, this gift as a reminder of the pleasure, instruction, and happiness I have derived from the reading of your book, I should feel so happy! Surely the next best pleasure to liking a good book is saying so. The general sort of people will take care of the novelists. It is the painstaking men, who are trying hard to rid us of the superstitions and errors of the past, that we should take care of.

And I must say another word here about fiction. How strange it always seems to me, "reading for amusement"! What a pity it is that so few think instructive reading pleasant! What amusement can there be in straining the mind, day after day, year after year, in reading over and over the doings and sayings of different men and women in their fictitious environments, differently expressed, conjured up, and commented upon by different authors? Surely, the ways of nature, the earth we live upon, the wonders of scientific discovery, the great questions and problems of the world, not to mention metaphysical subjects, and other literature, written by the greatest minds of the age—are not these worthy of reading and attention?

Constant readers of fiction are morbid characters. There should be in a well-balanced mind, after youth is well over, such a reflective, truth-loving period that sitting down deliberately to read the latest novel should seem "flat, stale, and unprofitable." I am well aware that a good novel is instructive, in a certain sense, and amusing; but is the reading of them not overdone? Do try and let us get proper sentiment and romance into people, not a lot of bosh! I feel quite at a loss to comprehend, when I think of it, how utterly deficient most men and women are, particularly great novel readers, in the sentiment, love, and romance they glory in reading about. I do love, thoroughly, really sentimental people; that is, genuine sentiment, real romance. For it seems to me that this, invested in our everyday affairs, goes far towards making life so intensely fascinating and beautiful. But, let me tell you, I firmly believe that the scientific and practical have far greater powers of loving, with truly sentimental ideas, than the poetry-reciting, novel-reading men and women who affect disdain on everyday affairs, and who appear to require a constant supply of morbid literature to keep up their spirits. Earnestness and truth are just as requisite for love and

sentiment as they are for life's more serious business. No spirit or romance in the one; no energy or correct motives for work in the other. Never think that love, sentiment, romance, adventure, or any other delightful quality in men and women, is a separate endowment of mind. As a rule, where one is innate, the others follow. And all good qualities of mind and heart invariably proceed from earnest, strong-minded, truthful, industrious men and women. Never be enamoured by the whiners about sentiment, nor the haters of everyday people, nor those who talk much about the æsthetic feeling generally. It is astonishing how little people, possessing genuine taste, with love of beauty, talk about it. It seems, when real, to partake more of an unconscious character, so to speak, only calling for observation and remarks when appealed to; at least, this is my view of it.

How fortunate one is who is born with the gift of appreciation!—the next best thing, I think, to genius. Oh, the rapture of seeing one's thoughts truthfully and clearly expressed by an author! Were I asked which was the gift of mind to be most eagerly desired, most envied, and emulated, I should reply, the one with fine powers of appreciation, taste, and discernment to enjoy the good and beautiful in whatever form it comes: a love of nature—the sea and sky being especial objects of admiration; a great amount of piety and awe in religion; and, above all, a receptive, scientific turn of mind. By the latter, I mean an intense love of truth in everything. With these feelings innate, one has a mine of happiness to which mere worldly wealth is as dross. What sort of an inward life or mind can a man or woman be said to possess who can, and does, look at the bright moonlight and starry heavens with as little emotion and wonder as if looking at a red brick house? I know several persons, supposed to be very well educated, who have said "that they see nothing in nature

or the universe to wonder at; that the more you know, the less wonder and surprise you feel; that it does no good to occupy the mind with astronomy or nature." Surely, is this right? It is astonishing how many people are like this, almost entirely without any love or thought of nature. The unthinking are generally well supplied with confidence; there is very little thirst after knowledge.

Talent in Youth.

In thinking about signs of talent in early youth, we all know precocious children often disappoint us, and the apparently dull ones agreeably surprise us. "A balanced mind and character in a young man are generally the signs of narrow limits, for growth is usually successive in the several parts of mind as of body."

There is ever so much truth in this. Laziness, which is an unpardonable sin in a grown-up man or woman, is more excusable in the growing girl or boy, and so also are beginning many pieces of hand-work without finishing them abortive attempts of all sorts, the cause of this being often the sudden appreciation of more objects or work than can be mastered; for, in fairness be it said, there was the mastery of beginning. So far as intelligence in youth is concerned, I have observed it is rather the quiet ones, especially when in society, that are the most promising. I like to see a little shyness and blushing in the young. The best of signs is a cheerful disposition—one who seems always contented, and does not continually find fault with his companions. I do not think an early love of reading necessarily indicates a love of knowledge. It is occasionally a defect, being a symptom of indolence. The young, if healthy, naturally prefer active to passive pleasures, and very young bookish children are often small-minded men and women, having

few sound opinions about books or anything else. Lively and affectionate temperaments are desirable.

Never frown down a moderate love of finery, pleasure, and attention to personal appearance, as all these are correct; and as for using slang and expletives in youth, this is certainly the reverse of being dead emotionally, though I should put down all slang. What I mean to say is that this is not a bad sign; rather the reverse, if anything. Many of the young, as well as the old, have so little feeling that they are never very surprised, or elated, and never very furious, about anything. These are generally the kind of people who see a tragedy or affecting piece performed at the theatre without shedding a tear. In fact, I heard one young woman say: "I generally laugh to see the people making such fools of themselves." Of course I prefer the fools. Do not mistake apathy for suppressed emotion.

Originality.

I often feel sorry to see so many persons alike in almost everything. I think the principal reason for this lack of originality in thinking and doing proceeds partly from the fear of being thought odd, having doubtful tastes, modesty, and also from not being reminded or encouraged in early youth to think for oneself. This letting others think for you is especially apparent in some things. Take, for example, the popular novel—a picture by a great artist—a fashionable game. How many speak from sheer imitation because "it is the thing"! Now, I have great respect for authority; at the same time, I like my own opinions, too. So far as paintings by eminent artists are concerned, the subject chosen, sentiment conveyed, and appealing power are nearly everything to me. I want none of Doré's horrors. Neither do I admire, on canvas, a man chained

to a rock with a vulture gnawing out his liver, nor a picture of writhing saints or martyrs, no matter how great the artist or how beautifully executed the painting.

George Eliot says: "Don't you agree with me that much superfluous stuff is written on all sides about purpose in art? A nasty mind makes nasty art, whether for art or any other sake, and a meagre mind will bring forth what is meagre; and some effect in determining other minds there must be, according to the degree of nobleness or meanness in the selection made by the artist's soul."

I do not know that the possessors of cheaper pictures have so much to be ashamed of. The idea often conveyed is lovely, and, if a good chromo, the colouring very pretty. The true and beautiful in life's phases should be considered paramount in a picture, not the distorted and grim. If the mere act of painting beautifully in lights and shadows is the thing aimed at, and the choosing of a subject immaterial, some sheet specimens might be invented to save time.

How beautiful to gaze upon such scenes as G. H. Boughton chooses, for example! There are several little woodcuts to be seen in *Harper's Magazine* called "An Artist's Stroll through Holland." One scene is called "On the Edge of Holland." Three old women, arm in arm, are leaving a group of fishermen, women, and children. The weird and expressive faces of the old dames, even in the woodcut, are perfect. They suggest to me, in their attitudes and bearing, a hastening to their quaint and tidy homes behind the sandunes, perhaps to talk over some sad loss of life or wild night, so often told on the North Sea. But enough of this. There are several other woodcuts in the same number, "An Artist's Stroll through Holland," in which one sees at a glance the beauty and treatment of subjects chosen. Make it one of your ambitious desires to buy one of Mr. Boughton's lovely pictures, and, if

you do, get a genuine one. Don't talk, when looking at it, about "tone," "perspective," "effects of light." The artist has attended to this. If you want to say anything, why not speak of the foreign land, the figures, the old-fashioned windmills, and the general thrill of delight the picture fills you with? I wish Mr. Payn would write us a chapter or two upon sham admiration in pictures; he has done it so cleverly on literature.

I must wander again from my subject. Never be prevented from indulging in the right impulse for fear of public opinion. If you see, or hear the shrieks of, a child being badly beaten, go in, no matter where, and remonstrate; also, speak to men and women abusing children or animals, no matter where you are, so long as you can be heard. Never see cruelty going on before your eyes, even though your interference should lead to a disturbance. This may seem doubtful advice, but I feel it leans to the right side. It is in these small matters that I want your feeling and attention roused. The criminal will be looked after by the country.

Try, with kindness and earnestness, to put down cruelty, both to children and animals, whenever you can. It does not make me feel sad to hear that we are descended from a low type; I like an animal much better than a bad man. In the one case, you don't expect much; in the other, you wonder how a man can possibly act so vilely sometimes. How often I reflect, if parents were to instil into the minds of youth a greater sense of truth and justice, what a great moral improvement would take place in the race. I see continually a tendency to overlook small matters; for example, allowing children to break their promises, borrowing without any heed of returning, underrating others, and a host of uncharitable thoughts and acts which, if done on a larger scale, bring about the ruin and disgrace so often seen. Always do a thing, if you say so. Never promise anything

without thinking well over it first, and then be sure to do it. If one's word does not amount to much, what does? What are we to do if no one can believe with certainty what another says? Everything is disorder and confusion! Cultivate truth in everything, and in it you will find your happiness.

Right Use of Money.

George Eliot says: "I care so much more for the demonstration of an intense joy in life, on the basis of 'Plain living and high thinking,' in this time of more and more eager scrambling after wealth and show."

What a pity it is that people are so perceptibly influenced by mere wealth and show! It is true that money is very necessary for our well-being and comfort, and for that reason alone will never sink into forgetfulness. Being useful, it may be left to take care of itself; but why give it undue prominence? Believe me, you can have too much of a good thing. I do not think the rich are always happy. Nature is full of compensations, and gives much real joy to those who are not so fortunate in money-making. "When one's outward lot is perfect, the sense of inward imperfection is the more pressing." What are we to say about those uninteresting persons with immense fortunes?

Have a decided preference for clever and liberal-hearted people, whether poor or rich. Choose your companions and friends, and love them wholly and solely for their individual good qualities of mind and heart. Many of the best men and women have very little money. If your companion or friend has any amount of riches, never talk about it to others, nor think yourself that he is better intrinsically for having it. Speak of people as you find them is good advice.

Always frown down grasping greed and selfishness. The bare idea, let alone the putting into practice, of men forming companies, buying up stock, and so conniving that they can compel poorer people to pay more for simple food than they have done, and this simply to make those immense fortunes, for power and selfishness—this is a thing, when it happens, that I like to see the mob take in hand.

"The expression of a common feeling by a large mass of men, when the feeling is one of good will, moves me like music." Moreover, from the records of days gone by, a mob seems occasionally to be a necessary evil.

Give others a chance, and, if you have a good surplus, help a few worthy strugglers. It often strikes me that the purposes for which people, not having a family to provide for, leave their money is very doubtful. One instance I know of personally was the leaving of several thousand dollars to build an "opposition Scotch church" because some members of the congregation wanted an organ; the others did not. I have no doubt it is difficult to leave money in a philanthropic way judiciously, every one's particular hobby influencing him. This is right. No one wishes to leave his money for purposes he dislikes or disapproves of. But I think there might, with benefit, be more good examples set for leaving money. When I see how many mothers—thousands!—are trying (of course unintentionally) to make mankind as weak and miserable physically as they well can be, through want of knowledge and prevailing errors, I feel, were I able, I should have distributed gratuitously all over the land, and in every house, a well-bound book—either Dr. Felix Oswald's "Physical Education," Herbert Spencer's book upon education (intellectual, moral, and physical), or whatever work of a practical character I liked best—upon this subject. Erecting buildings for different charities, with all the expenses

attendant, are not the only ways of benefiting mankind. As the country is overrun with ridiculous tracts doing no good, why not spread over the country pamphlets and good books containing sound advice, aiming at bettering the individual—this being the first thing philosophers are crying out for? And, speaking about money, dear children, make no haste to be rich.

"You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind, now, that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt but that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave the most, reviled by those to whom you leave less, and vilified by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it, my son. Wealth is an expensive thing; it costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a lonely home (because you fear a lovely wife and beautiful home would be too expensive), a hatred of the heathen and dread of the contribution-box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid Society, a fearful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none. Oh! you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and Christian, grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity; but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. *But* if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich, if you will pay the price. And

when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date."

Human Improvement.

Above all things, I should like to know, and from those having the best means of judging, as to what degree of improvement a human being is capable of, and especially one having rather criminal tendencies. I have heard many clever men say: "You cannot alter so-and-so; it would be wasted painstaking," and so forth. Many think that it is impossible to eradicate evil. Now, I am frequently forced to this conclusion myself, and, oh! so unwillingly. I often think that if a detractor or liar felt about detraction and lying as a just person does, he never could do it. It is scarcely a credit not to lie when you never want to do so. Suppose the liar or detractor at the moment of committing his sin is actually not aware of it, what then? Still, I always come to the same conclusion, thinking over it, that if people have only the elementary principles of right and wrong in them, are at all clever, or good scholars, and are sound in mind, these facts alone should be enough to make them aware of their lies, or admit they are wrong. Again, it is often apparent that what is a constant failing with some is the very last failing they will own to. They will acknowledge many faults, but not that one.

My conclusion in the matter is that, being deficient in those moral regions of head (I have in the first page written about, as being an indication, if well developed, of every kind of good in man), they must really be oblivious to conscientiousness; their moral perceptions are stunted, so to speak; not there—the head so flat and ill-developed, in the region where it ought to be well developed, that it would be, I fear, like trying to train a cart horse into a

racer—cannot be done! It must, therefore, be a most melancholy reflection for ethical writers, novelists, and philosophers to feel that, after all, their good books, wise counsels, and delightful, emotional literature, giving so much pleasure and wisdom to many, are lost! Yes; and, to those who most need them, only taking root and flourishing in the very class of minds that do not really require advice, but who, nevertheless, profit by it. For can we not always improve?

Travelling and Sight-Seeing.

If you are both able to travel about much, perhaps I may be able to give you a few hints of certain things not to be seen, and others to be well seen and also remembered. I will begin by the first. Never visit stockyards, the morgue, prisons, nor unpleasant scenes, as it will probably do you no good. Neither would I be ambitious to visit the dwellings of royalty. My pleasure in travelling is to be impressed with the beautiful and picturesque, and also with the change of climate. Any one keenly alive to the picturesque and ancient, going to a city like Munich or Nurnberg, or old-fashioned hamlets as in Holland, should fairly rave over them; and how delightful, talking to the quaint and aged peasantry, particularly abroad, who seem often so philosophical and contented! I feel sorry there is a tendency to replace the sensible and picturesque costumes they have worn from time immemorial with others.

From what I remember of my own early childhood spent in Leer, a small town in Hanover, and in which place we learned to speak German, I am actually carried away with delight when I think of it all—the old town paved with cobblestones, the strange-looking shops, and the beautiful garden belonging to the house we were in. This

was longer than it was broad, and at the end was a grove with many walnut trees. There, in the evening, we used to sit to hear the nightingale sing. In an old pear tree was a deserted stork's nest; and from our garden we could see, on a neighbouring housetop, another stork's nest, full of young and chattering birds. Well do I remember the fine dahlias and hyacinths, the apricots trained to the wall, the picturesque people with wooden shoes, the little hot turf boxes for warming the feet, learning to skate on the "Bleiche," and, what was so amusing, the sensation we created when we went out walking, the small boys saying audibly, "Hier kommen die Englische Kinder!"

There are so many ways of seeing and appreciating the same country that it may seem vain to attempt directions. At the same time, what I have told you both about the random reading of books applies with some truth here. Rushing about wildly in the name of travelling is not my idea of its beauty. I would remain long enough in a town like The Hague or Amsterdam to take in the picturesque element of the coast, the sturdy fisherfolk, the queer boats, the dykes to be seen, and skies, with strange atmospheric effects, as well as the larger towns. Depend upon it, there is more to be seen than picture galleries, museums, parks, theatres, fashionable localities, and so on, by persons of true sentiment and feeling.

I am reminded that, with the many persons I have talked to about the Falls of Niagara, few refer to or notice the indescribable roar (if it can be so called) or deep key-note that greets the ear when in full view of the Falls. This sound is unique. It is, therefore, surprising so little mention is made of it. (In saying this, I refer to the general visitor to the Falls, not the lovers and observers of nature; unfortunately, there are so few of these.) In my opinion, this is one of the chief wonders. We all must have heard, more or less, such idiotic remarks as "I was

disappointed in the Falls; expected to see them so much higher; I should not care to live very near;" and a host of other comments showing how little real impression has been made.

Envy and Jealousy.

Envy and jealousy proceed, I think, partly from the natural disposition and partly from education and bringing-up. To people with these unfortunate tendencies, I would say: Get into training as soon as possible. One thing I would always bear in mind: there is nothing so disfiguring to the face as a bad disposition. Get some one to examine your head, or else take a looking-glass and do it yourself. If your head is the objectionable shape (and it won't take you long to see it), make a resolution never to speak ill of any one, because this will be one of your especial failings. Consider yourself mentally deformed; therefore, be very cautious in giving your opinions about persons. A great many think, when they hear others praised, that it is a reflection upon themselves. I regret to say there may be a feeling sometimes to this effect; but, children, you have no idea how many clever and good people there are in the world. Good feeling begets good feeling. Fine manners encourage the same in others, or, at least, draws attention to it. Be very careful in conversing about your neighbours. The worst of all social evils is the repetition of scandal. It is not an unpardonable sin to say you do not think so-and-so good-looking, or pleasant in speech or manner; but what object can any one have but a spiteful one in repeating such a remark to another? I often think it would be a good idea to form a society binding both men and women never to repeat damaging remarks they hear about others, the perpetrators of unkind and critical speeches being heroic compared to the tattlers and talebearers. I think it

would be another good plan, though perhaps open to some objection, to have a few subjects for conversation in one's mind before spending an evening or paying a visit. We all know people of both sexes take enough trouble, beforehand, to arrange their dresses, practise piano pieces, learn the latest dance; and why not extend this anxiety a little further, and try to work up a few new ideas? Much remains to be done to improve the usual hum-drum conversation now so prevalent. Few try to excel in this: inattention, vacant stares, dulness of comprehension, and preoccupied thoughts, seem to be the order of the day. There is a great lack of originality and spontaneity in conversation, which, I think, would be the better if moderately indulged in. People, as a rule, are too conventional. Repressing oneself is very good; but this can be overdone. It is this delightful spontaneity and liveliness that makes American women so charming.

I will give part of a newspaper account of Matthew Arnold's opinion of the American women when in the United States: "And the ladies are so charming! I have never met with such takingness. The young ladies are most engaging, while many of the men have the tone and feeling of English gentlemen. The ladies are much more engaging than English ladies, are better informed, and more capable in conversation. It is this takingness or engagingness in all American ladies that really quite fascinated me; the young ladies are so well posted and converse so pleasingly." I have another remark to make upon talking generally. There are a few extenuating facts under which the comparatively poor talker may take refuge. I have found that good talking and good thinking are not always united, not necessarily one and the same thing.

If I were to give a few hints for readiness in small talk and repartee, I would say: Pay more attention to words than to sense. To illustrate: When a speech is made

wherein is matter for a good pun, if you are lingering, as it were, more over the idea and sense conveyed than the actual words, the one whose whole attention is taken up with the words will be ahead of you. It is nonsense to say that the attention is not on the words alone, for I have noticed that not the slightest attention is paid to the subject after the pun is over. I have no objection to this in moderation. At the same time, punning is the reverse of a high intelligence; often indicating shallowness. Fluency of speech is partly a gift. I find those who are most deficient in sensibility often good talkers as opportunities occur for differing in opinion, which, of course, are immediately seized upon, and afford fine material for disputing. Great enthusiasm is a drawback in conversation. One guilty of much circumlocution generally is often pretty epigrammatic when discussing important subjects, especially where truth is concerned. I have known men and women who could converse most fluently upon nearly every subject, and who, through this questionable gift of speech, would lead you to suppose that they thoroughly understood everything they talked about, or any work they undertook to do; but who cannot, in reality, do a single thing well, nor have they one idea their own.

Cooking.

I have a word to say about cooking. Many will say: "Get a good cook; it is unnecessary to bother where a good cook is kept." Every young woman should know how to cook well. In the first place, you will know better how a thing ought to taste if you can make it. You will know better how to reprove and direct, when things are done badly, if you can cook well yourself. This is a very important point. Apart from these reasons, it is necessary

for the comfort of the family to make food palatable and healthy. When I have been out visiting, and have tasted fresh fish half cooked, lamb underdone, bread doughy, and many other things, and have seen the people eating as if everything were very nice, I have come to the conclusion that they have not been accustomed to better cooking. If you bring up a family to look upon sour bread as the result of warm weather, instead of want of knowledge, what are you to expect? We cook very often, or have it done, as we do other things—after the manner of those we are brought up with. A friend once said to me: "I can make a layer cake with only one egg. Can you beat that?" I tasted this cake, and declined the recipe offered. I said I preferred a cake with more eggs in. The thing which she considered such an achievement was the using of one egg only. Of course baking powder, and too much of it, took the place of the other two eggs. Better no cake on a table than a nasty one. This is mean cooking; avoid it; never slight the cooking. If you have a good cook, give her credit, and take an interest in what is going on. The tendency nowadays is to delegate duties that are strictly personal, or partly so, to others; to be oneself a sort of nonentity. Consider cooking an important art, for it is one. One more word: Before engaging a cook, tell her that you go into the kitchen frequently, and often make a few things yourself. This will give her a chance to say, if she has been successful elsewhere, "I never take a place where the mistress comes into the kitchen." Of course, you would not engage her.

Leaving the Theatre.

I have something to say about leaving the theatre before the last act is over. Do not leave any entertainment before it is over. This I consider a very bad habit, and an insult to any artist. I hear that in Montreal this is a common occurrence, and has been commented upon and objected to by many lecturers and actors. I have an idea it proceeds partly from thoughtlessness, and also from lack of appreciation. In commercial cities, there are perhaps comparatively few lovers of art. You would not turn your back upon people speaking to you; and why should you wish to appear as if escaping, or sent for, while a performance or play is still going on? Wait always until the end.

Temper and Vehemence in Conversation.

This, unfortunately, is a trait that disfigures many a promising man and woman, and is a failing I can sympathize with greatly. No one can be really in earnest about a subject or argument, or feel what he says to be absolutely true, without wishing instinctively to impress the hearer, and, in his zeal to do this, is very apt to figure as "a person who thinks he knows everything." Now, the habitual indulgence of much vehemence and exhortation in conversation, though I do not approve of it, has a leaning to the right side. As I before said, do not mistake apathy for suppressed emotion or superior intelligence. Notwithstanding such proverbs as "Empty barrels make the most noise," I maintain that any subject or idea one feels to be true or important affects the speaker more powerfully than any subject or opinion he is in doubt of, or does not care about, or is not especially interested in.

If there is any one person to be admired and emulated, if possible, it is he who keeps his temper and tongue well

under control during justifiable anger. Persons with little feeling have no idea what it costs the impulsive temperament to keep cool under provoking circumstances. To those who suffer from these conflicts, I would say: More good can be done by stating your opinions quietly and earnestly than by ranting and gesticulating. Recollect, you cannot make people think as you wish them. If they are clever, and candid, and approve of what you say, they will agree at once; enlarge upon what is said, and you will be happy. If they are lacking in brains (which is generally shown by the ill-shapen head), not the demonstrations of a Tyndall nor the united efforts of many orators would ever convince them. Look at the trouble our philosophers have with their stupid opponents and criticizers; therefore, do not waste your energy by getting into tempers or speaking vehemently to any one. Remember, there is the chance of appearing ridiculous, instead of impressive.

As it is invariably in discussion that people speak hastily and angrily, I hope I shall not be accused of too much "hobby" if I again seriously recommend you to get a side view of the man's or woman's head you are talking to, and leave arguing and metaphysical subjects severely alone with the one having the objectionable-shaped head. With such a one, stick to matters unimportant—the weather, novels. Never allow any original ideas to escape, neither bring up weighty questions; that is, if you want a fair hearing and straightforward, manly replies. Every theory, every principle, every one's idea of beauty and goodness can be disputed, distorted, and argued out of all shape by peculiar people; but—thank goodness!—these neither upset theories nor prove themselves right. The only good they do is to redraw attention to what has been said, thereby making certainty more certain. I have great faith in example; that is, unobtrusive example. It is astonishing what an impression any well-working scheme or success of

any sort makes upon the mind. Whether it is in domestic affairs or in business, it soon tells ; and notice how a mere hint is sufficient to set some in the right path.

It is, no doubt, in the order of things there should ever be a difference in individual powers of mind as of body ; and I can only advise you both to keep your temper under all circumstances, bearing in mind that, if you practise good principles and sincere, heartfelt truths, you will influence your fellow-men with greater incentives to do likewise than will all the lectures and exhortations you can give. I must give you the remark of a Very Reverend Bishop, who said : "It seems that men would be strangely headstrong and self-willed, and disposed to exert themselves with an impetuosity which would render society insupportable, and the living in it impracticable, were it not for some acquired moderation and self-government, and some aptitude and readiness in restraining themselves and concealing their sense of things."

And I must tell you another thing. Temper, loud talking, and general disagreeableness, are more pardonable in the young than the old. Some writer has wisely said : "The only coquetry allowed to age is kindness." This is well said. It is certainly melancholy enough to find, as one does too often, old people speaking foolishly, lacking in the wisdom and experience bygone years should have given ; also, making one too well aware in many cases of a defective education and bringing-up. But the personification of a miserable old age is before you when bad temper, fault-finding, and uncharitable remarks are indulged in as well. These failings, children, are such I would like to draw your attention to, in order to guard against. With kindness of speech and manner, hospitality and politeness, and, above all things, sympathy and cheerfulness with the young—if you cultivate with advancing years these good qualities, you will have many admirers in your old age.

And why? Because such conduct will be thoroughly suggestive of a refined mind, a good bringing-up, and a liberal education. It is a very sad sight—old age stripped of these graceful resources.

Popularity.

If you cannot be clever or a good business man, you can at least be popular. If I were giving a few hints to make you delightfully popular, I should begin by saying: Mind your own business. A great writer has said: "It is desirable, in short, that in things which do not primarily concern others individuality should assert itself." I agree with this. Don't try to run everything and everybody, as the phrase is. If you manage your own affairs well, even in such a simple thing as agreeably entertaining a few friends of an evening, you will find plenty to give you credit, and follow suit, if your way is shown to be a success. I am convinced that habitual conversation about one's own business projects and pleasures is a great mistake, and is a prevalent error, both as regards subjects for conversation as well as popularity. Talk as little as possible to others about your own affairs. And I am reminded to give you my opinion upon lending and borrowing, as these are things which would suggest to the minds of many as being either an aid or hindrance to popularity.

Never let any person, under any circumstances or pretence, induce you to lend books; rather buy one for the would-be borrower than lend one of your own. I regard a slight jealousy about one's books as pardonable. I disapprove of lending books for several of what I consider good reasons, namely: People, as a rule, should have many more books than they usually have. One of the worst forms of economy now prevalent is saving money by not

buying books. Books are usually the first things economized in by the money-hoarder, and this should be severely dealt with. Besides, if people are interested enough in a book to borrow it, they are not sufficiently interested in it, to my mind, if they do not think the purchase of the book necessary or desirable. I should, therefore, not lend them the book. Again, it is not fair to authors and philosophers not buying their works; and it appears to me to be a case of meanness throughout. Remember never to lend books or music, neither borrow any of these things. Do not think popularity and being a favourite among men consists in weak-mindedness, in having no rules of conduct your own making, being powerless to say "No" when necessary, or lending, endorsing, and being at every one's beck and call. With many kind-hearted men and women there may be an impression that refusing to lend money, to endorse, for a very intimate friend, will make him appear mean and disagreeable. This is not so. There are many ways of benefiting a friend without lending anything. Opportunities are sure to occur. You are really increasing his trouble and responsibility if you do so. The greatest enemy and drawback to popularity and sincere friendship is the detracting spirit.

Cheerfulness is a most delightful possession of character, and is at the root of all social success; and so is a willingness to be pleased. Be sure to take an interest in the pleasures and amusements of the young. How beautifully Dickens says: "Cultivate in them, while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections. Beautify their lives of machinery and reality with those imaginative graces and delights without which the heart of infancy will wither up." I would be ambitious to be a favourite with all, and you will be, if you deserve it. Doing unto others as you would they should do unto you is a means to this end. The wish to be thought well of is to be encouraged. There

is no vanity in this. Recollect it is a very bad symptom should you feel that you don't care what people think about you, your morals, or your conduct. I hope you will never be visited by such states of mind.

Talks about Living in Large and Small Towns.

I must say one of the chief beauties in life to me is to be a daily witness to lovely skies and brilliant sunsets, and to be free from the dust and peculiar odours more or less floating about large towns. A residence several miles out of a city would please me very much.

So far as the respective merits of society in either place is concerned, it is not perhaps so much in favour of cities as it might be. I find from experience that there is very little to be admired or emulated. The rich know and entertain the rich, caring little about individual merit. They appear to have no original ways of entertaining, having the usual crowded rooms—about twice as many present as there should be. (Let me again remind you to consider well the present stupid fashion of assembling too many people at a time. Of course, if entertaining is to be done in a perfunctory spirit, why, then, the at-present method is excellent.) Neither do people in cities, so far as I can see and find out, make it their ambition to know clever and original men and women. Now, here is just the place where those who live in cities could and should make a congenial and desirable choice of friends and companions; but they don't seem to do so. At parties, balls, dinners, you meet very commonplace men and women. Those I have been asking for, and would like occasionally to see, they tell me: "Do not go out; or, are not known to them." I am beginning to think that absorption in business and money-making, together with rivalry in expensive entertain-

ments, is undermining, gradually, but surely, the more refined and simple ways of entertaining that people should now aspire to. I fear that even friendship is tinged with a mercenary, selfish, "tit-for-tat" spirit which must strike us in time as being perfectly dreadful. A writer—in order to warn us of a threatening danger, which he calls a too purely practical and scientific tendency to the neglect and exclusion of culture and philanthropy—has written as follows:

"As humanism rescued man from the prison-house of scholastic theology, so let it enter the lists once more to battle against the new enemy of harmonious culture—the gods and heroes of antiquity, with their immortal fascinations; the myths and stories of the Mediterranean nations in which, as we might say, is enshrined all that is good and beautiful; the spectacle of a civilization which subsisted, it is true, without natural science, but out of which prominent men rose to a mental greatness hardly ever attained since. It is from the action of such influences as these, upon the minds of youth, that we can most confidently hope for victory in the struggle with the neo-barbarism which, though as yet its hold upon us is loose, is from day to day tightening its iron grasp. It is Hellenism that must ward off from our intellectual frontier the onset of Americanism."

This timely admonition applies to what I have to say in this way—that even in society the purely practical and one-sided tendency of the times is evident, which is to consider what immediate advantage knowing such a person will give, how far an acquaintance with so-and-so will further social aspiration and ambition to the exclusion of the more refined and higher motives social intercourse should have. If, therefore, you expect to meet, in any grade of society, more intelligent or sensible people than you do in the smaller towns, you will be mistaken. As it is, many of the most successful citizens and professors are born and brought

up in the country. My wish is to impress upon your minds never to have any silly notions as to the superiority of city life or its people. A country residence near a large town is far preferable, and, in many ways, more conducive to health and wisdom.

It would be a move in the right direction to have more worthy and refined examples of ambitious desires set before us, both in towns and cities. Ambitions and strugglings there are plenty to be rich, to have fine clothes and houses, to be at home in all accomplishments. But it appears to me very little ambition is either shown or exercised to become clever oneself for the mere love of knowledge, or distinguished for any special mental training or culture and to know persons of talent. Try to cultivate the friendship of those you know to be intellectual and gifted. I am so sick of a decent mediocrity in people, and am sadly coming to the conclusion that naturally clever, original-thinking persons are rare birds, certainly in society, and not sufficiently sought for. Some one may say: You cannot improve these conditions; you can't be running about in search of clever people. To which may be said: Many people are still imitating who might, if a good example were set by strong minds and people of means, be much improved in their manner of imitating, likewise in their ambitions, thus making every succeeding generation better. Much good is often done by drawing attention to errors, and by acting upon the improvements suggested.

It is to be regretted that so few parents converse rationally with or advise their children properly before sending them adrift in the world. Commonplace advice, touching social conventionalities, is perhaps not forgotten; but why think your children under a special dispensation of Providence with regard to their morals and behaviour? Better to add: The making of your reputation is in your own hands; we cannot help you. If you go forth deter-

mined to do your duty, you will succeed, in all likelihood, and be happy. This, now, is the most important time of your life; you will have many temptations held out to you. It is for you to decide whether you intend to stand or fall. Let me beseech you to choose good companions, and you well know from me how to choose. You also know my opinion about young men's conduct to women and children; and you likewise know, through our talks about others who have entered the arena of life's battle for a living, how they are severally dealt with according to merit. I can only beg of you to let wisdom and uprightness be ever present in your mind, with moderation in your enjoyments and pastimes. This is not intended as a specimen of advice; but what I have particularly noticed is that many parents appear to consider their children free from moral obliquity. In fact, I heard one man say he thought "telling your boy to be upright and honest in his dealings was putting into the boy's head to be underhanded and dishonest"! Such is the difference of opinion. No advice whatever or caution given to children is, of course, very easy for the parents; but I think "forewarned is forearmed." It is in youth you can make the most powerful and lasting impressions. I often regret that educational advantages are so much less in smaller towns than in larger places. This is a pity. I dislike extremely sending girls to boarding schools, and could never approve of it. The evils are greater than the benefits; at least I think so. Another disadvantage of city life is that it tends to make people more selfish and absorbed in their own interests by seeing so many strangers, by the greater ease with which new friends are made. These, with other excitements, are apt to make individual existence and companionship of less importance, because less needed. There is little inclination for reflection, study, and staying at home. So that, on the whole, children, you may believe me when I say: Endeavour

to live out of a city, if possible; but, if you are obliged to live in one, let it be for a French author's reason, who said "he lived in Paris in order to give him the means to live out of it."

Friendship.

"Be choice in your friendships. You can have but few, and the number will dwindle as you grow older. Select minds who are too strong and large to pretend to knowledge and resources they do not possess. They address you sincerely."—*Emerson.*

A small occurrence, which happened lately, has drawn my attention to something I wish to tell you regarding the duties and responsibilities of true friendship. I had occasion to tell a young friend of mine that he should have considered well before taking offence at some trivial speech an intimate friend of his had made, and which came to his ear through that very objectionable person, a tattler. It is difficult, indeed, to restrain oneself from doing or saying what, at first sight, seems so natural and allowable. But if you can only make up your mind to wait patiently for several weeks after hearing an unpleasant speech, supposed to come from the lips of a friend, before you take steps for remonstrance, you would act and think so differently! Be on your guard how you attack a friend from mere hearsay. Haste in these matters is very bad policy, as well as unfeeling. I have said before, I think it is quite pardonable discussing a friend's personal peculiarities to another, if you so wish, so long as you are not attacking his morals, or listening to damaging remarks of his character. My advice is: Do not know, or have as a friend, one who can be doubtfully spoken of; and if you see you have made a mistake in the choice of a friend, I should, without any such meanness as circulating the fact, simply treat him as an acquaintance in future. Place a high value upon deserving, well-tried friends. "It is easy to say how we love our new friends, and what we think of them; but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old."

I think I have warned you never to be a snob; but as snobbery can, in my opinion, only come to perfection in the man or woman having the shaped head I object to, you are forewarned and forearmed, and do not expect too much from your friends. This is the trouble with most of us about our friends and life in general; we expect more than either are capable of giving. If we are only put in the right path by our parents, and not made to waste valuable time upon trivial accomplishments, but to get as early a start as possible in the true principles and habits of mind that will make us happy and useful members of society, we should have a good beginning and an improvement upon present notions.

Ruskin says truly that "Each child should, imperatively, be taught, with the best skill of teaching the country could produce, the following three things: The laws of health, and exercises enjoined by them; habits of gentleness and justice; and the calling by which he is to live."

I think people can be friends, and great friends, without always being seen together, without liking the same pleasures and pastimes, without blindly agreeing and following suit to every friend's fad and hobby. But we must be tolerant; "the rarest of all gifts is a truly tolerant and rational spirit. In all your gettings, gentlemen, be sure to get this, for it alone is true wisdom." And, my dear children, I often feel, when writing, what pleases you to call Mother's Essay, how very unnecessary it is, because every subject I have written about in these pages has been, at various times, so beautifully written upon by others that I seem to be doing a most uncalled-for work—wasting time, as it were. The only reason I can give for so doing is the hope that you will both read these lines because I have written, and try your best to act, as far as you can, in accordance with my wishes.

Englishmen.

"Education is a subtle and insensible training, educing the better qualities of the character. Instruction—a direct and regular process cultivating the powers of the mind. The English nation, for instance, is the worst instructed, but the best educated in Europe. The Germans, *vice versa*."

There are many points of character about the English that I regard as almost perfect; and I have arrived at this conclusion from my own observation, as well as from the sentiments I have elsewhere sought. An Englishman, with few exceptions, has a decided respect for his word. His word is as good as his bond. I dearly love the people for this, and hope their possessions and colonies will increase with such a people at the head of affairs. I also like the thoroughness with which everything is done in England; and there seems to be a national dislike to any sort of show and display, hurry and scrambling after vanities. No doubt, many faults there are to be found by those seeking them; but I do not think I am far astray when I tell you how much esteem and admiration a true-born Englishman is entitled to, and this, mainly, because an honourable character usually comes to one's mind upon hearing the word Englishman.

Speech-Making.

If you are ever called upon to make a speech, either at a dinner-party, a wedding, or even a political speech, I must ask you to beware of committing a few commonplaces that pall upon me most dreadfully. Do not rise slowly, looking thoughtful and in doubt. This, to me, augurs a fatiguing speech. Remember, as a general rule, you are not called upon to show off oratory, rhetoric, or fine words; neither should you desire to make a personal impression. If I understand speech-making rightly, you are there to say something very briefly, and to the point; and if you do this well, you, in all probability, will make an impression. I

would advise most earnestly a frequent exercise in the way of writing down your own ideas upon whatever subject you are interested in, or going to speak about. And I think, if you have an original idea or thought upon any subject, it is as hard to forget it as it is to call upon yourself for an idea if you haven't one. Writing down occasionally your own opinions upon different subjects is a great assistance towards impressing these upon yourself, as well as giving you an opportunity of correcting any errors of thought you may have committed ; and, really, the power of expression comes soon enough—that is, if you have anything to say. Perhaps not eloquence, but you can, at all events, say what is necessary in a few words. I shall now recommend a cheerful face upon these occasions, and give you Lord Dufferin's advice : "Lord Dufferin was enthusiastically received. His speech, as might have been expected under the circumstances, referred principally to matters of interest connected with education, and in the course of it he made some very excellent remarks, especially with regard to the art of impromptu speaking. He said : 'It may be some comfort to know that I believe no great speaker ever addressed a public assembly without feeling the greatest possible trepidation, and undergoing nervous tremors of which the uninitiated can have no idea. I myself have seen the legs of one of the most famous orators of the House of Lords, to whom that audience ever listened with continuous delight, tremble like an aspen leaf during the first moments of the delivery of his speech. I have seen a Lord Chancellor absolutely break down, and a Prime Minister lose the thread of his discourse. I will also let you into another secret : I believe that no good speech, no really good and excellent speech, has ever been made without a considerable amount of preparation. I don't mean to say that a speech should be learned by heart, but unless a person who is called upon for one of those important efforts should condescend to saturate

himself with his speech, carefully to think out, at all events, the skeleton of his discourse, and even in the solitude of his chamber, or perhaps, which is better still, amid the din and bustle of a crowded street, should well revolve in his mind the words with which his ideas are intended to be clothed, in all probability his effort will not be worth a very great amount of attention.'" So after this advice, coming from a truly eloquent man like Lord Dufferin, upon impromptu speech-making, I should advise every young man to give a little time and attention to it; I would stifle the desire to say comical things, also be sparing with anecdotes, whether grave or gay, and try to make the audience feel, through an earnest and cheerful delivery, that you intend being heard. Wind up good-humouredly, as being a slight effort to thank the audience for their attention.

More about Games.

It was only the other day I was made aware of the fact that games—childish games—were continually played by grown-up persons at small evening parties. The games I refer to are known under the singular titles of "Lead," "Cushion," "Catechism." All these games have more or less for their object—the asking of funny personal questions. So much is this the case that quite recently I heard a young man simply refused to answer a question asked; said he preferred paying a forfeit.

The more I give the subject of amusing young people of an evening consideration and thought, the more firmly convinced do I become of the necessity of so managing matters as to eliminate all possibility of such stupid games being played by those I have influence over. Do not have young people to spend the evening if you are obliged to resort to such doubtful means of amusing them. Better

"Blindman's Buff" than the games I have mentioned, which consist, in every case, of idiotic, and often vulgar, personal remarks and questions. If your house is small, do not have many present at a time. Surely any good hostess can entertain, for a few hours, most agreeably, six or eight young persons by playing whist, talking, piano-playing, and singing! Even a dance is possible with this number. I believe the evil of games has arisen by persons asking, say, twenty-four to their houses, where six or ten would have been better. No good hostess wishes to see a number of young people, nearly filling a small room, gazing at each other, sitting still. So, arranging them side by side and suggesting "Lead," "Cushion," "Catechism," comes as a happy relief. There is something wrong with the intelligence of grown-up people who are driven to the extremity of playing such games.

I have the welfare of the young at heart when I again try to impress upon you both to cultivate in yourselves and young friends the preference for whist as one means, at all events, of passing an hour or so agreeably. This fine game, varied by a little conversation, music, dancing (and refreshments served before the actual time of departure comes), should be considered the best way of entertaining a few friends, whether old or young. Considering this subject, I am again reminded how little improvement seems to take place in men and women. How few, either men or women, appear to have the ability to discriminate between the silly, frivolous, and demoralizing books and amusements and the more intelligent, cheerful, and really exhilarating ones—books and amusements that have truth and justice as a basis, that never appear foolish, never tire, appeal to reason and common sense, and make one feel truly satisfied! Parents are responsible for a great deal of mischief and bad ideas. Of course, if the mother suggests playing "Lead," why, the daughters naturally think it all right. Better to

make a resolution to sit looking on than be a participant in ill-chosen games.

Gardening.

There is no occupation or pastime, especially to men, so truly delightful as taking an active, personal interest in a garden, particularly when it can be indulged in as a recreation. I do not think it wise to make a resolution to grow all your own fruit and vegetables. This is not necessary in the sense that I recommend it. A small garden, wherein to amuse yourself by seeing how nicely you can make a few things grow and come to perfection, is enough. I look upon an early love of gardening as so much real happiness laid by for the youth of old age. Whatever your calling in life, if you have a little garden there should be nothing to prevent you from taking an active and happy interest in it. No matter how much money you have to give to others . tend to it, or to do the work for you, be sure to wo . yourself as well.

It is a pity how inactive certa . customs of society tend to make people, if one does not take a personal interest with a little self-imposed work Why not walk in somebody else's park or garden? There is always such a different kind of pleasure felt in having a thing when there is a slight responsibility or dependence attached. It increases our sense of dignity and worth so when we can honestly feel useful or necessary. One thing worries me much lately in connection with the kind of interest some persons take in their gardens, which is the conversations and ambitions to get what they call "new varieties, novelties," with a continual hankering after change. Now, here is just where I consider you should draw the line, and leave this branch of gardening to others who make it their business and living. With a small plot of land, the object had better be the

pleasure derived from watching and seeing things grow, under personal supervision, not worrying and distracting yourself and others about new and peculiar varieties. Life is too short.

The garden I have in view should be pre-eminently set apart for the love of nature on a small scale, not for the propagation of novelties in fruits and flowers. My sincere wish is that you may both have a small garden attached to the house wherein you will spend the best part of your lives. There is scarcely any pleasure in life greater than watching the growth of flowers, and our pleasure is increased when we help them to grow by many little ways and means.

The Music of the Wind.

Few things show how very different are the temperaments in people as the way in which some things affect different minds. To take as one example, so many say: "I cannot bear to hear the wind blow; nor do I like its sighing and wailing; it has such a dismal sound; makes me feel quite miserable and dull."

How very unnatural these remarks always seem to me! Is it not an agreeable sensation, and in harmony with much that is best in us, to have a slight feeling of melancholy coming over us, when the wind is sighing and whispering about us in its own weird and changeful way? There is nothing in the wind itself that is dull and gloomy, but rather, I suspect, an indwelling gloom inherent in the individual who dislikes it. I feel quite sorry for those who have no pleasure in listening to this variable music of our sphere, as, in all probability, the murmuring of a brook, or any other melodious sound in nature, would prove to be an irritation, instead of a consolation, to such peculiar temperaments. I generally indulge in my favourite fancy when

I hear the wind sighing and moaning, now so close at hand, then dying away in the distance, that it has come to see us from lands far away, in the spirit of a friendly messenger, wandering to and fro, always ready to please those who find a pleasure in listening to its voice. And what a delightful sense of security one feels in a nice warm room, with a blazing fire, when the wind is rattling at the windows and fairly shrieking to get in! And in the autumn, my favourite season, to see the leaves come tilting down, and to hear the rustling of the dry leaves blown about by the wind; to see the birds of passage on their way to warmer climes—these are a few things in connection with the whispering winds that make a most agreeable impression upon me. And is it not partly owing to these varied and strange impressions that life is made so thoroughly enjoyable? I think so; and I am going to write out for your remembrance a thrillingly beautiful description of the wind in and about a church, copied from the first quarter of "The Chimes," by Charles Dickens. Before doing so, I am reminded how another of these inexpressible feelings comes over one when alone in a church after the service is over, and when every creature has left: empty pews, a dead silence where all was chant and worship a few moments before! The transient nature of our life, together with our utter helplessness either to alter or revoke one single decree—these thoughts never fail to come first, in my imagination, at such times:

"For the night wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes, and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors, and seeking out some crevices by which to enter; and when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof and strives to rend the rafters;

then flings itself, despairingly, upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up, stealthily, and creeps along the walls, seeming to read in whispers the inscriptions sacred to the dead; at some of these it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter, and, at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound, too, lingering within the altar, where it seems to chant, in its wild way, of wrong and murder done, and false gods worshipped, in defiance of the tables of the law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind, at midnight, singing in a church."

Are these lines not truly thrilling and inimitable? Stories like "The Chimes," and those tales wherein Dickens depicts so forcibly and pathetically the unjust and cruel treatment of brave little children and noble men and women—such stories as these, I really do not care to read; it is too much for me; the sorrow becomes too real. If we could only be sure that selfishness and cruelty were a thing of the past, one might indulge with less grief reading sorrowful tales; but we all know, and feel sad enough, that such heartlessness takes place, even now. How beautifully, in ending "The Chimes," does he say:

"Oh, listener, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited, for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve, and soften them. So may the new year be a happy one to you—happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last; and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our great Creator formed them to enjoy."

Though I think it delightful to see one's thoughts beautifully and truthfully expressed by an author; and

though I think, in writing upon any subject, it is fair and just to the author, as well as oneself, to give an apt and suitable quotation whenever one sees fit to do so, much as I appreciate the power of a well-applied quotation, I want you to avoid getting in the doubtful habit of verbally giving the same. There are people who revel in this sort of thing; and, with their readiness to quote upon the smallest provocation, become very wearisome. If you wish to mention to any one a beautiful passage or description of anything you have read, refer to the book and author; or, if you have the book, find out the place and give it to them to read. Let them read it; they will like it better, in all probability, than hearing you give it your particular inflection of voice.

Palmistry.

Quite lately, my attention has been drawn to the subject of palmistry, and I am pleased to find so much truth made obvious in the study of the hand. Another thing which pleases me in a most unexpected manner is that cheirosophy (and this includes the shape of the hand, as well as the lines in the palm) harmonizes with what I have said about phrenology, for already I have observed in very many cases that the hand is generally in accordance with the head, and conversely. For example, the man who has a depressed frontal and badly-shaped head has also the hand to match The lines of head and hand are badly formed, coming in the wrong direction, or are not long enough; and, what is more, the hand, to look at, is unpleasant; there is a disagreeable expression to it, and this quite irrespective of lines. And how much can we not tell by the mere shake of the hand! How perfectly repellant the hand that does not squeeze a little, but simply feels like a hand given for you to shake! Beware of these peculiar people!

Another point in palmistry, having much truth, is the shape of the fingers. So far as my observation extends, it has proved true that persons having conical fingers, well-shaped nails, and good mounts are really endowed with more sentiment and love of the beautiful than those persons whose fingers are spatulate and without mounts, and whose finger nails are short and ill-shapen. I think it wise to have photographs taken of the hand (giving, of course, instructions to the photographer not to alter a single line, or in any way touch up the negative), because I can see that the hand is quite as expressive as the face, and varies in people as much; so, if only from this point of view, it is worthy of being photographed.

As palmistry, like phrenology, can be studied by any individual who chooses to take the trouble or interest to observe for himself—whether the principal features in a hand, with their significations as laid down by the best authorities, are correct or not—I think it an interesting, if not instructive, study. No matter how sure you may be about the character of persons, as shown by the shape of the head or hand, I would never make palmistry or phrenology the subjects of conversation, unless under very opportune occasions. The book I have upon palmistry is by Ed. Heron Allen, and, though I have two others upon the subject, I like his the best.

A Home Near the Sea.

It is because I have been forced by circumstances to live the greatest and best part of my life in that part of the country which is many miles from the sea, and because of the unhappy thought that I shall never be near the sea again, that I want to set you thinking about the many advantages a home either in a seaport town, or within easy reach of the sea, has in my estimation. Apart from my enthusiastic love for the ocean (which, with its many

attractions, I can never cease thinking over), there are other reasons why I prefer a home on or near the sea coast.

I have no feeling in common with the yearly-increasing crowd who seem to have adopted as part of their creed: Any place, no matter how uncomfortable, is better than one's own home during the summer time. What pleasure can there be to move and unsettle a whole family—living in Toronto, for instance—to rusticate on the borders of a freshwater lake for a few weeks, year after year? How people can work themselves up to the idea that there is any pleasure or health-giving qualities in these annual trampish acts is more than I can understand.

There is a vast difference between the very intelligent and delightful desire to visit different lands occasionally, or even to live abroad for a few years, and the growing craze of fleeing hither and thither every summer simply for a change, and because other people do it. I would earnestly advise you both, if at all within the range of possibilities, to live in a maritime province, if you intend to remain in Canada; and for this reason: By living near the sea, you can at any time get sufficiently inland in a few hours, if change of atmosphere is necessary for health's sake. But few persons can spare the time and trouble to pack up, take children and baggage several hundred miles distant, to enjoy a little sea air. I expect not one in a thousand of the people of Ontario know anything about the pleasures to be derived from frequent trips to the seashore, and this includes those who could go if they wanted to. I do not blame people for this apathy. It is a troublesome undertaking; and when one considers the railway journey alone, with the different risks of travelling, besides leaving one's home for a few months, a trip to the sea becomes rather formidable.

Now, my advice is to avoid this, if possible, and endeavour to establish a home in—or, what is better, close

to—a city by the sea. I think I should like Halifax, St. John, or any prosperous town in New Brunswick.

Though it may be true that most of the growing, thriving towns are westward, and that the maritime provinces are slower in growth, still this need not prevent one or two individuals from settling in the places I have mentioned. The real truth is, few young men take these things into consideration, generally going to the places that have the best "setting-up," "go-ahead" reputation, forgetting very often the many who go and come back, the many who fail, and the many who remain in extremely indifferent circumstances, notwithstanding they have begun life in these highly-recommended places.

Just as I believe it absolutely necessary that a man should like his business or profession in order to succeed, so do I think it wise for him to consider well beforehand as to whether a certain neighbourhood or locality would not give him the pleasure and recreation he likes best; and I must ask: What diversity of pleasure can there be living cooped up in a town and province hundreds of miles distant, and several days' journey, from the sea?

It has been said that those who do not travel sometimes see only one page of Nature's book. This is true; but why make it worse, and deprive yourselves deliberately of one of Nature's most beautiful and invigorating sights—the majestic old ocean, with its many wonders and pleasures? This is a pleasure more could attain, if they liked; but money-making, no matter where or at what cost—this is the degrading, one idea young people are unfortunately taught to have wholly in view now. Bear in mind, children, I am not undervaluing the necessity of money-making. But I do say, The business you like should be thought of first; next, where you would like to live; and leave the narrow-minded, one-sided thought as to where you can make the most money to others.

Remember that success of any sort is contained within yourselves. You carry it with you—a talent, a gift, an ability for business—wherever you go. It is not the place so much—it is the people who go to it—which is the important point; and I am inclined to think, if you cannot succeed in one place, neither will you in any other. Bearing this in mind, I sincerely advise you to live a diligent and cheerful life in whatever place you fancy; and I feel sure a moderate income, which is often far more productive of real happiness than great riches, will be your reward.